"Tripe," page 981.

Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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SMOKE.

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

Will Hampstead Get Its Aeroplane Elopement?

I hear that the two pretty young daughters of the Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch are very keen upon turning "aviatresses," but their mother is fearful for them. Countess Nada (they are called Countesses after their mother, Countess Torby) was wild with enthusiasm when Hamel flew over the Grand Ducal residence at Hampstead the other day, and she wants to loop the loop at least once a day. The Grand Duke is very much of a contrast to the rest of the Russians, however, which accounts for his popularity with our own royalties. So he gently restrains his daughters. But a "romantic elopement" in an aeroplane at Hampstead wouldn't surprise us in the least.

* * *

How Lord Grenfell Must Have Laughed!

The Courts this month will be memorable, if only for the appearance of one remarkable figure there. Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell is to be on duty as Gold Stick, and not since the late Duke of Cambridge used to figure at Court has there been so resplendent a personality. Lord Grenfell, as a Field-Marshal, is a figure which ought to be painted for the State collection in the National Portrait Gallery. His Lordship is a huge fellow, and looks magnificent in his F.M.'s uniform. He is covered with orders, granted sometimes for service which he well rendered, and sometimes for services which he would have rendered if the accident of furlough hadn't found him out of the scrum. Lord Grenfell is our least-known Field-Marshal, however, except Sir F. Nicholson (but we forgot, Sir F.N. is now "Lord" Nicholson. Everybody seems to get Peerages nowadays. It will soon be pleasant to hear of a "Mr.").

Sir Francis Grenfell (as the then Egyptian Sirdar was) was at home when the Mahdi forced the Battle of Omdurman upon Kitchener, and got that officer all his best claim to fame; and Grenfell was so disappointed that King Edward made him a Peer. As he was an old widower, they didn't think the title would go any further, but the new Lord was one too many for them. A few months after he became "Lord Grenfell" he got married to one of the Queen's maids-of-honour, a Miss Majendie, and within a year he was the father of a bonny boy! How Lord Grenfell must have laughed!

* * *

Will Lord Inchcape "Speak Up"?

They are trying to get five thousand pounds for a memorial to Lord Avebury. Against that proposal we have nothing to say. But the idea is to found scholarships with the money. Now, if there ever was an Englishman who deserved immortalisation in stone, it surely was the rich man who spent a good part of his life in trying to lighten the lives of the toilers. There is not a shop assistant in England, we should think, who would begrudge his penny or two for a statue to the man who got him his bank-holidays and sundry other little respites from his monotonous toil. But what shop-man would give anything towards the foundation of a few scholarships?

There are too many scholarships already: and this is a form of memorial that only one man in every thousand has a chance of appreciating! Surely no more unp... method of perpetuating the memory of a great and ... Englishman could be imagined than the founda... scholarships. Let this method be reserved for the very ... but otherwise undistinguished. No man deserves a ... in the streets of London more than the one-time Sir ... Lubbock. We appeal to Lord Inchcape, who is a ... man and one with worldly wisdom, who is on the ... mittee, to "speak up" in this matter.

* * *

A Terrible Parting.

I hear that since the death of his wife last week ... John Gorst has become a broken man. His marriage ... Lady Gorst was a true romance. Over half a century ... John Gorst went out to New Zealand as a Civil Com... sioner, and there it was that he fell in love with the ... padre's daughter, and married her. Their son was ... unfortunate official, Sir Eldon Gorst, who had such ... in Egypt, but died in the midst of it. All through the ... half-century Lady Gorst had followed her husband's ... markable political career with keen avidity, and had ... his enthusiastic helpmate on all occasions. She died ... Castle Combe, in Wiltshire. It must be a terrible pos... for Sir John Gorst, who is now nearly eighty.

* * *

Who First Said "Flapper."

All sorts of people are rushing into the *Daily News* ... cussion about the term "flapper," which connotes a ... who knows more than her parents while her neck is ... ribbons. Amongst them Lieut.-Col. Newnham Davis ... says that "flapper" is a sporting synonym for a young ... duck which cannot fly, and flaps across the stream on ... surface of the water, which, we thought, everybody al... knew. But who first used the word in print for a girl ... is growing up too rapidly? Mrs. Gertie Wentworth-J... was, we believe, the first novelist to use the term which ... now become the most popular slang word of the day.

* * *

Hard Times for Noble Lords.

The New Year has been an unusually fatal one fo... peers. It will be remembered that the first six month... 1913 saw the deaths of as many noble lords as usually ... cumb in any one year, but, curiously enough, the last ... of the year was extremely fortunate for them. B... January, 1914, five members of the House of Lords ... succumbed: Lords Cross, Cawdor, Graves, Strathcona, ... Knutsford, and at this rate the Peerage seems like ... depleted of sixty members during 1914. This rate, if ... tained, would speedily put an end to nobility in this ... try, for the Peerage could only survive such a death ... by constant new creations.

* * *

An Aristocrat of the Feudal Variety.

The Earl of Pembroke, who has had a fall from his ho... and came near to adding to the list of noble demises ... January, is not the Earl who was so well known a few ... ago at Buckingham Palace. That Lord Pembroke died ... Italy quite suddenly last summer. His present Lord ... is the son known from his infancy as Viscount Her... and well remembered amongst Royal Horse Guardsmen ... an ambitious officer of that smart regiment. Lord P... broke married one of the two sisters of the present Mar... of Anglesey, and they have several children. The Her... are one of our genuine old noble families, with bar... going back to days before written patents were known. ... wish Lord Pembroke a speedy recovery.

* * *

A Destroyer of Old London.

Lord Portman will probably not thank his counsel ... Young, for pointing out to the Marylebone folk that ... Lordship does not take an interest in" his own proper... the borough. The statement wasn't far from the truth, ... ever. Lord Portman is a great sportsman, and though ... eighty-five years old he is still as keen at the meets as ... He maintains a pack of hounds, and, like all our ... London ground-landlords; is very rich, and always pl... to know that his bank-balance is growing. His father, ... late Viscount Portman, was a well-known man in Ma... bone, and was its first Member of Parliament under ... Reform Act of 1832. But Marylebone only knows ... present Lordship as a destroyer of out-of-date ... and streets.

A COMPLETE STRANGER.

Little Girl: "No, I am not English. I was born in France."
Lady: "Which part, dear?"
Little Girl: "Why, all of me."

King Ludwig "Goes Up One!"

The new King of Bavaria has made himself known at last. For sixty years he has been a pleasant figurehead, as the son of old Prince Ludwig, who was a wise Regent until his ninetieth year. His son, the new Prince, who has deposed the mad King and assumed the crown himself, has now shown his common sense by snubbing some ladies who wanted him to become patron of hospitals for sick animals. "Sick animals we kill, but sick men we help," replied King Ludwig, and another waste of public money has been saved. A bumper to King Ludwig! It isn't every monarch who dare risk unpopularity in this way.

* * *

Lady Warwick Supplies her Paper with a Scoop!

The Countess of Warwick provided the *Daily Sketch* with quite a good journalistic scoop last week, in the announcement which the bright little daily was able to make of the forthcoming marriage of Mr. Hyndman, the "Grand Old Man" of the Socialistic world. We never attached much significance to Mr. Hyndman's utterances—especially on India, where he used twenty years ago to "let himself go", regardless of realities—but he is an interesting man and a charming personality. He and Lady Warwick are great friends, and the fine old orator has recently been staying with the *Daily Sketch's* Countess at her villa on the Riviera. Mr. Hyndman is 72, and he is to marry the daughter of the late Major Travers, of Tortington House, Arundel. Will the Duke of Norfolk go to the wedding with Lady Warwick?

* * *

The Duke "Doing his Best."

The Duke of Westminster seems to be here, there, and everywhere at the same time, but he is shortly going to Cannes for the polo season. The Duke's efforts to train a group of Britishers to "lick the world" at the sports have failed, but His Grace does his best in person to maintain Britain's reputation in the field. He is one of England's finest polo players, and we are by no means pre-eminent at that hazardous sport (as we used to suppose until we met the Americans). It is no fault of the Duke of Westminster's if we fall completely behind at polo, as we have at so many other open-air pastimes.

* * *

More Trouble for the Post Office.

After one clear month's deliberation Sir Harold Harmsworth has announced that beneath his new coronet he will be "Lord Rothermere." There is a resonance about "Rothermere" that looks as if it had required a lot of finding. Anyhow, more trouble with the letters is like to follow. It is only three years since the rich Manchester cotton-spinner, Sir William Holland, on accepting an Asquithian coronet, elected to be known as "Lord Rotherham." His Lordship had been nominated for the Peerage many times. (There must have been people about who had occasional glimpses at his cheque-book!) Anyway "Lord Rotherham" has since then basked in the sunshine of Royalty at Balmoral; though he doesn't find Society much to his liking. It takes a new Lord quite a long time to get used to himself; and much longer for those who have known him since boyhood! As Lord Northcliffe's coronet will have no wearer after himself, the Harmsworths are destined to go down in the Peerage as "Lords Rothermere," Sir Harold Harmsworth having two sons to inherit his barony.

* * *

A Regicide's Haunts.

The announcement that Bury Hall, an ancient Tudor house at Edmonton now in the market, was a one-time seat of President Bradshaw, and a frequent resort of the most noted opponents of Charles I., is a reminder that the Regicide is associated with several old places. At the Old Manor House, Walton-on-Thames, a tumble-down brick and timber building hidden away in a corner of the riverside village, Bradshaw lived when Cromwell resided close by at Ashley Park, now the seat of Mr. J. Sassoon, and there is also Marple Hall, near Stockport, where he was born in 1602. Bradshaw's room at Marple has its original furniture and tapestry, or had, until quite recent years, and at Bury Hall the Bradshaw arms over the dining-room fireplace commemorate the connection.

Bradshaw came of good stock, though his treatment of the King was so brutal. The fact is the President of the Judges become intoxicated with the high position in which he found himself; the insignificant lawyer had risen to be judge of his Sovereign, the elected Chief Magistrate of the English people, and his importance obsessed him.

* * *

An Interesting Engagement.

The engagement is announced of Captain Denzil Cope, 3rd Hampshire Regiment, and Miss Brenda Williams-Taylor, daughter of Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, who is well known in City banking circles and was lately appointed general manager of the Bank of Montreal at Montreal. Captain Cope is eldest son and heir of Sir Anthony Cope, who when, two or three years ago, the woodlands in the neighbourhood of his splendid home, Bramshill, Hants, were mysteriously fired, went out of his way to gratuitously insult all who disagreed with him politically. He had incurred, he thought, enmity from nobody, his only crime being "loyalty to his Sovereign, and his utter loathing of Socialists, Radicals, and, in only a lesser degree, of those who, calling themselves Liberals, for political not patriotic purposes, aid and abet their doctrines." A small boy, the son of an estate servant, was the culprit!

* * *

Through a Lawyer's Disinterestedness.

Sir Anthony Cope, a very worthy country gentleman, however, according to his lights, is the thirteenth baronet, and holder of one of the oldest English baronetcies, his title dating from June, 1611, a month after the creation of the order by James I. His honour stands fifth on the roll, exclusive of a dozen or so which have been absorbed in peerages. He is a Catholic, but the Bramshill Copes are not among the old Catholic families, the present baronet's father having been a minor canon of Westminster. The late baronet, but for the honesty of the legal adviser of the eleventh baronet, Sir John Cope, a noted hunting man and intimate of the great Duke of Wellington, would never have inherited Bramshill. Sir John knew little about his family, and intended leaving his estate to his lawyer, but the latter made inquiries and ascertained that the minor canon was next heir.

"Brockhurst" and the Mistletoe Bough.

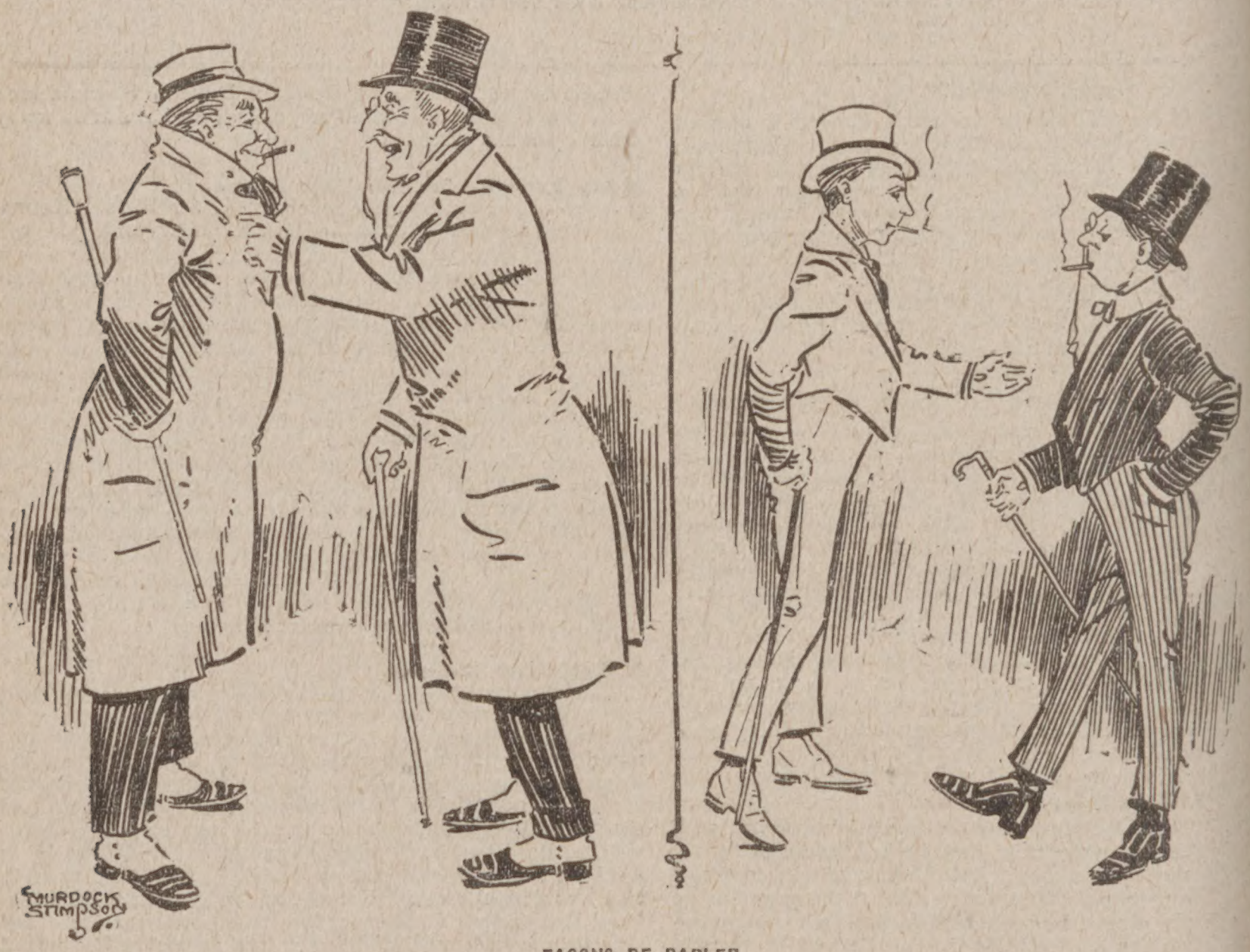
Bramshill, one of several reputed scenes of the "Mistletoe Bough" episode—the old oak chest in which the unfortunate bride concealed herself on the evening of her wedding-day playing hide and seek used to be shown visitors—is the original of Brockhurst, the seat of Sir Richard Calmady. In "Lucas Malet's" clever novel of that name. "Sir Richard Calmady" are some splendid pen-pictures of Brockhurst, and in them Bramshill is easily recognised by those who know the magnificent Jacobean mansion, said to have been built for James I.'s son, Prince Henry; but this is doubtful. "Lucas Malet's" father, Charles Kingsley, was rector at Eversley close by, and Sir Anthony is patron of the living, but as a Catholic he cannot present, the right being vested in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge who alternately present to what are termed "lapsed" livings.

* * *

Wedding Bells.

Lady "Delia" Spencer and Mr. Sidney Peel, a younger brother of Viscount Peel, and clever, like most of the family, are being married on February 18th at Great Brington church, near Althorp, Northants. Great Brington is the Spencers' church. There they worshipped four centuries ago; there, too, many of them have been laid to rest. Spencer in the church are monuments to dead and gone Washingtons as well as to forbears of Washington, whose ancestral home, Sulgrave Manor, is close by.

Lady "Delia" Spencer will be more missed than any of her daughters, for since her mother's sad death a few days after the birth of her youngest sister, Lady Alexandra Spencer, who is now nearly eight—she has kept house for her father, Earl Spencer. She at once took her mother's place at the head of his establishment, looked after her young brothers and sisters, and was a constant attendant on her father during his severe illness whilst Lord Chamberlain. Lady Adelaide Spencer, to use her proper name, is the eldest of Earl Spencer's family, and will be twenty-five next summer. An attractive girl with charming manners, musical, and much liked generally, Lady Adelaide has been chaperoned a good deal in Society by Lady Reid, a sister of her mother's, whom Lord Spencer has often taken her out.



FAÇONS DE PARLER.

"Look here, my boy."

"I say, old man."

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

"TRIPE."

I was in a famous Northern town a little while ago, and I noticed as I strolled about quite a number of neat and clean little shops that appeared to be given over entirely to the supply of an article that is not frequently mentioned in drawing-room circles. The article appeared in the shop-windows in two capacities. On one side of a marble-looking slab was a piece of somewhat ragged and unclean-looking stuff that gave one the impression that at some period of its existence it had been not entirely unconnected with the internal economy of the humble cow. The rest of the slab was covered with creamy, clean, almost nice-looking stuff that looked like some sort of purified jelly-fish. But it was in reality, as the reader may have guessed, a commodity very famous in the North, and known by the democratic name of "tripe."

These little shops, somehow or other, had a strange fascination for me. I used to stop and gaze at their windows like a little boy gaping at a tuck-shop. And one day I thought I would go in and discuss the advisability of my renewing acquaintanceship with an article of food that I remembered having rather liked before I went abroad for long years, but the taste and conditions of manufacture of which I had quite forgotten. So I asked a bouncing maiden behind a counter whether tripe was really good eating and up to the mark of my rather fastidious tastes. She laughed at me, or, I should say, smiled politely. "Oh, yes, sir," she said; "it is beautifully clean and cooked, though cold. Try a bit of the seam." I had not the slightest idea what "the seam" was, but I risked my eternal soul by ordering a pound of it at the non-millionaire price of sevenpence. And as the bouncing maiden handed me my little parcel she said: "Get it cooked up with onions, sir; it's delicious." And it was delicious. When I saw it on my supper table I no more recognised it than I should have recognised the bouncing maiden at a drawing-room at Buckingham Palace. Reclining luxuriously amid the succulent folds of onion sauce it looked like the foaming beauty of a summer sea.

And as I ate my lonely supper it suddenly occurred to me that I had discovered an improvement on the philosophy of Will Shakespeare. All great discoveries, reader, come out of little things, as you may have observed. And I had discovered that all the world was not a stage, but that all the world was tripe.

I picked up my copy of the *Times*—the greatest, and fairest, and noblest, and most truthful, and most highly respectable paper on this poor little planet. And there it was, staring me in the face—tripe. Would the Labour Party, who were holding a Conference in Scotland, have made a fuss if the South African Government had deported ten millionaires instead of ten working-men? asked the *Times*. No, answered the *Times*, with all the wisdom of the ages behind it, then we need take no notice whatever of the fact that the Labour leaders are making a fuss of the deportation of the ten men. That settled it. Yet the very expensive leader-writer who wrote that knew perfectly well that he was writing tripe. He was trying to make a nasty-looking, uncomfortable bit of mental food look succulent to the fashionable readers of the *Times*, who don't like tripe, and yet are given it. And he did it doubtless as successfully as my landlady dished up my humble supper. He didn't tell his readers, what he knew perfectly well, that it is the business of Labour leaders to look after the interests of labour men, and not to look after millionaires who have plenty of papers and leaders of their own to look after them. In a word, this hypocritical leader-writer might just as well and just as logically have said that the Bishop of London had preached an excellent sermon defending Christianity, but unfortunately had spoiled his case by saying nothing whatever in defence of Mohammedanism. But perhaps the editor of the great paper was to blame, and not the leader-writer. For you remember what George Augustus Sala said when he was asked by an editor whether he minded an article being altered a little: "I have fulfilled my contract in delivering to you the required weight of raw meat. How you cook it, or whether you roast it, or boil it, or hash it, or mince it, I neither care nor want to know."

Don't be alarmed, reader. This is not a political paper, and I am not going into that wretched conglomeration of hypocrisy, party politics. There is plenty of tripe on the Labour and Liberal sides of politics as well as on the *Times'* side. It is, for instance, quite apparent to the close observer of the newspapers that the word has gone round from official party headquarters that Liberal papers must keep as quiet as possible about this deportation, about "Marconi," and about lots of other things that may mean the loss of votes. Only the other day a working man was sentenced to a term of imprisonment for preaching what were called blasphemous comments on Christianity, and the hypocritical Liberal Home Secretary absolutely refused to release him, although he daren't for the life of him arrest the highly respectable dons of Oxford who wrote a certain book, called "Foundations," which attacked certain aspects of Chrsitianity just as strongly as the poor working-man had done at a street corner. But this book, dear reader, was written, you see, by dons and clergymen; and it is, strangely enough, perfectly proper for clergymen to write against and preach against the very things out of which they are making nice incomes, and which they have taken a solemn oath that they will not attack. All of which is tripe, and nothing but tripe.

You see exactly the same thing in the social life and the social questions that are at the root of all society. Even in the Victorian age of immortal and pantomimic memory, when it was supposed to be a horribly wicked thing for a man and a woman who loved one another very sincerely to live together without having a little piece of gold put on the dear lady's finger, what did we see? We saw the very people who would have lynched you and me, reader, if we had done the same thing, almost at last blacking the boots of George Eliot because she was a great novelist, although she "lived" with George Henry Lewis. We saw a notoriously "immoral" woman, one of the greatest and best-beloved actresses who ever lived, rightly declining to have her big toe kissed every day by the respectable and sycophantic scions of British hypocrisy. We saw even Gladstone, while he ruined Parnell because he loved a woman who loved him, sitting year after year in the Cabinet, and being exceedingly friendly with a noble statesman whom all London knew was living *sub rosa* with a lady of the aristocracy. We saw that same Gladstone hounding to destruction Sir Charles Dilke, simply and solely because Sir Charles Dilke was not a conventionally "moral" man, and the great statesman was terribly afraid of losing the votes of the Nonconformist conscience. We see the wretched hypocrisy and cant and humbug of "respectable" people bowing down and scraping before people who want nothing to do with them—before the memories of dead geniuses like Cecil Rhodes, Bobbie Burns, General Buller, Porson (the greatest Greek scholar who ever lived), Charles James Fox, Francis Thompson, Oscar Wilde—yes, and even before eminent statesmen in the present House of Commons—although if ordinary people were to drink and gamble half as much as these distinguished, and rightly distingushed, men, they would be hounded from the tin-pot drawing-rooms of little-minded suburbanites, who apparently think that nerve-stricken, strenuous brains can do the work of the world on baby-pap. And yet these wretched suburbanites and Victorian vipers have the impertinence to preach to people who live in a sphere of mental equipment and development that, while not making their faults virtues, make possible noble endeavour for the evolution of humanity towards a conception of life that shall leave far behind the miserable animalism of the primeval savages of fifty years ago.

But books and books might be written about tripe—raw tripe, cleaned tripe, tripe with onion sauce. I would like to write one of them. Meanwhile I will refresh myself for the task with a little more tripe and onions, when next I go to see the bouncing maiden at the little shop way up in the North of England.

JONATHAN GRUB STRETE.

A meddlesome woman is bad enough, but when the meddling bee gets into a man's bonnet it is time to stand from under.

* * *

When a young widow is wise and a bachelor is otherwise it's up to the parson.

* * *

Occasionally we meet a man who can't stand prosperity, but more often we encounter men who never had a chance to find out.

* * *

Some women have embonpoint of their own, and some acquire it with the assistance of a dressmaker.

MORE OR LESS.

Women's Ways and Men's Rakes.

Women, it will be readily admitted, I think, are everything you want them to be, except discreet. They will meet a lover clandestinely, swear him to all sorts of secrecy, and then let him go forth into a cold and enquiring world with a coat sleeve full of face powder. They will put the wrong letters in the right envelopes. They will tell their dearest friends everything they shouldn't know, and then promptly quarrel with them. They will—but there, there's no telling what they won't do! A woman is a law unto herself and a commandment to be broken to everybody else. Luckily, men are discreet creatures. They know how important it is when they go a-courting to cover up their tracks. You remember the story of the lover who carried his sweetheart back to her room across a snow-covered courtyard at night lest her small footprints in the snow betray where she had been. There is another story, too, which always amuses me—that of the archbishop who used to receive the Duchesse de Lesdiguières every day, and walk with her in his beautiful park at Couflans. His wily Eminence, if you please, always took care to be followed at a discreet distance by gardeners with rakes to obliterate their footprints on the paths. Men, you see, are wise enough to know that love should be taken quietly, like port; too much agitation spoils it. Woman, on the other hand, regards men as the frill to the cutlet of life. The woman who takes a man seriously deserves what she gets—a moral indigestion. Love is quite as often a digestion as the other thing. As for a broken heart—there isn't such a thing. Everything comes from the head—the thoughts, the doubts, the fears—and the heart beats placidly all the time.

* * *

Alas!

A highwayman's natural death seems to be the scaffold. Jack Sheppard, Dick Turpin, and all the jolly knights of the open road went that way with a laugh and a rose in their coats. The populace cheered them as they passed, and fair ladies' hearts thrilled beneath the whalebone and satin things that hid their flutterings. So that when I read in my paper yesterday of the death of a notorious Western who owned twenty-seven notches to his gun, each representing a man he had killed, I was prepared to read, too, of how they hanged him, firmly but kindly, out in the Western sunshine, and sent him on the dead-cart laughing and full of good cheer. Instead, I find he died quite prosaically in prison—of measles! Alas! I think I heard Jack Sheppard sigh just now.

* * *

East and West.

I came across a delightful book of Indian fable-lore the other day, full of the crimson and gold of the East—full, too, of sandalwood and blue-veined marble. There is a phrase in it that caught my thought: "And the King said, 'I am sure of nothing but this: that life is worthless when love is gone.'" I can shut my eyes and see him sitting there—this King—bored among an opulent splendour, disdainful of the lotus on the lake, the sun-plashed court, and the sob of falling fountains in the background, listening to fancy to words that were once, by a woman, unwound—like silk from a reel—in the blue silence of an Eastern night: "And I will be to thee nectar and a comfort and a lotus and a sweet, and thou shalt own that without me life was a blank, a word without a meaning, a night without a moon." Why don't we speak to our husbands that instead of wasting time asking where they have been? I say "wasting time" because no man ever tells his wife the truth except by accident, and then he jolly well wishes he hadn't. I suppose, in a way, we should be pleased that men take the trouble to deceive us, for men only become Benedict Washingtons when they don't care for the result. Beware of the man who tells you the truth! He doesn't love you any longer.

* * *

Blue, also Red.

This is going to be a Blue year, according to the fashion papers. Everything is to be blue—hair, clothes, and I suppose we shall have to have an atmosphere to match. In the old days it was generally a red gown that went with a blue atmosphere. Why red should ever have been supposed to denote immorality in a woman I can't for the life of me imagine. But all stage and novel adventuresses went about their wicked ways clad in scarlet. The custom still lingers in provincial plays and in penny novelettes, I believe. But here in town even suburbia has taken to wearing red coats, and on dusky evenings you would be glad to take one for the pillar-box if you wanted to post a letter in a hurry, if it wasn't for the fact that a male shape is nearly always hovering near. Of course, the shape might be that of a policeman on the look-out for a Suffragette postal packet. On the other hand——

LOUISE HEILGERS

VISIONS OF THE FUTURE.

The Lady Chauffeur.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Owing to a growing practice among alleged artists of copying drawings which have appeared in this journal, we find it necessary to state that—with the exception of pictures which may appear on our page of contemporary humour, the source of which is always acknowledged—all the illustrations in *Modern Life* are original and drawn specially for this paper. Copyists who persist in transgressing the laws of copyright do so at their own peril. The originals of sketches which have appeared in these pages are for sale. Prices on application to the Editor.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND WHAT RUMOUR SAYS.

The son of a peer, whose matrimonial exploits bid fair to rival those of Bluff King Hal, has made quite a favourable impression on the stage in New York. His reported engagement to a lady of his own profession seems to have been even more temporary than his father's marriages, and he crossed the Atlantic, according to his own statement, quite unattached. He has received much sympathy on the fact that the latest matrimonial experiment of his much-married father is likely seriously to impair the son's chances of bringing back an American heiress as a bride. As he himself says, his chances have quite been spoilt.

* * *

The arithmetical problem as to how many command performances equal one Knighthood, which so many actor-managers have tried to solve in the past, has now no practical value, as theatrical knighthoods will be very rare in the future—unless there be some special recommendation, such as service on the County Council, or friendship with a member of the Royal Family, to back up mere merit.

*

A very youthful leading lady must be getting nervous at the apparent indifference of managers to the fact that she has been "resting" quite a long time, and that her complete indifference to the suggestions and criticisms of authors and producers has been found decidedly "wearying" by those with whom she has come in contact.

*

The Military Secretaryship at the India Office, a comfortable and lucrative post, in which Sir Edmund Barrow has succeeded Sir Beauchamp Duff, is something of a solatium for the loss of the Commander-in-Chiefship of India, to which General Duff has been appointed. An able and distinguished soldier, General Barrow had many and strong claims to the supreme command in India, but he belongs to the Indian Army, and as it was the turn of the British Service, he was, so to speak, placed out of the running.

* * *

Considerable surprise, therefore, was expressed when it was announced that Sir O'Moore Creagh's successor would be General Duff, an Indian officer and General Barrow's junior. Of course Sir Edmund may have had the refusal of the appointment, but there is now so much jobbery in army matters that the public is suspicious, especially when it remembers that Sir Beauchamp is a particularly popular officer with friends in high quarters. At the same time General Duff is a splendid soldier with every qualification for his new post; still, he is junior to General Barrow, and in those circumstances people would like to know if the latter had the offer of the position.

* * *

Rumour has it that great diplomacy and many dollars will have to be employed to keep a big scandal quiet in the yachting world, but rumour was ever a lying jade, and as it concerns the scion of one of the first houses in the country it is to be hoped that rumour is merely keeping up her reputation.

* * *

The kind of dancing in vogue at certain night clubs impels us to ask the question: Is the weather *really* so very hot?

* * *

Might not Messrs. Redford and Co. turn their attention to the *very* Parisian kinema exhibitions which are given at the house of a well-known peer?

* *

A leading corsetière tells us that she has never before numbered so many young men on her books. The man about town would, it appears, as soon go without corsets as without a monocle.

* *

Who is the Cabinet Minister whose wife is giving him so much trouble and cause for sleepless nights just now? Is there any truth in the seemingly ridiculous story of the butcher's boy? But, after all, there must be some foundation for such a heap of scandal as is going the round of the clubs.

* *

We hear that a heart-broken Alsatian father has charged the blood-thirsty young lieutenant, von Forstner, with the seduction of his fifteen-year-old daughter, and the case will be dealt with in the courts before long. But he has an impregnable defence, for everybody knows, as he says himself, that "It is good for blood to flow," and "The sabre rules." With regard to that "blood" business, how about the "cat"?

* *

Where is the "slim widow of Ascot"? Wasn't she seen at the Criterion last week? Isn't she wearing a false finger to replace the missing one, and keeping that hand gloved whenever possible? How much did the young Naval officer lose by his connection with her? And will he allow his gullibility to lead him to the verge of bankruptcy again?

* * *

When will legal steps be taken to break up the auction-room "rings" and the "knock-out" system? These are quite institutions even at our highest and most honoured sale-rooms. The silver market, for instance, is entirely in the hands of a small but select band of buyers, and if an outsider is determined to outbid the "ring" he is quickly run up to a sum far beyond the value of the article.

* * *

How did the lordling take his deserved snubbing publicly administered at the club last Wednesday? Did the journalist laugh at his threat to ruin him? But does he know that since then the lordling has obtained possession of certain documents that might make the newspaper man squirm?

Mary: Dash is what I most admire in a man.
Marie: "Dot" is what most men want with a woman!

WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKED AT THE DOOR

Eric Blenkinsop thought that he was not progressing quickly enough in his career. Tales of Dick Whittington and other famous heroes had suggested to him that in order to reach that pinnacle of success which he considered his talents merited he must come more directly to the notice of his employer, must render him some signal service which would result in an immediate increase of position and salary, and a prospective partnership, and marriage with the daughter of his principal—provided that gentleman possessed a daughter, about which Eric had no information whatever.

Eric was a worthy young man. He wore glasses, and his hair was of an indeterminable hue. His mild blue eyes betokened an amiable disposition, and his incipient moustache suggested willingness if not capacity. He read business magazines and manuals on "How to Succeed," and he believed in "Do it Now," and "You can say all there is to say in less time than that," and other sprightly mottoes of similar import. He believed in waiting for opportunity and then seizing it with both hands, and making it do the work. He even went out sometimes to look for opportunity—in Threadneedle Street and Capel Court, and other places where opportunity is supposed to be fond of strolling. But so far there had been no meeting.

The firm of Bentham and Buckthorne, which had the privilege of Mr. Blenkinsop's service for a miserable pittance of twenty-seven and sixpence a week (less Insurance) were wholesale grocers in Upper Thames Street, and the premises they occupied abutted on a wharf where the products of the world's mart could be unloaded and taken in at the back door. Romance and reality stalked hand in hand, and Eric saw one great analogy with Dick Whittington in all the circumstances.

Five o'clock on a wet, murky, winter day was too early to light up the premises, and too late to see clearly without. Eric was coming down the stairs from the counting-house to the packing-room in the basement.

At the bend of the stairs, in the darkest corner, he saw suddenly a match flare, and a second later a blaze of fire as a paper caught the flame. Jumping three steps at a time, he pulled off his coat as he went, and in a second the blaze was smothered.

Standing frightened in a corner was a girl, a small, fragile little thing, of twenty-three. In her hand she held a box of matches, a large hand-bag, an umbrella, a purse, and a couple of parcels. Under her arm was a magazine and a newspaper.

Eric saw instantly that the newspaper was "Votes for Women." . . . .

He jumped to the obvious conclusion . . . .

"Ho!" he said, "so that's your game, eh?"

She made no answer.

"Going to set our place on fire," he went on. "Think we can give you a vote, I suppose," he continued with heavy sarcasm. "I'm so sorry," she blurted, "it was quite an accident. I—er—dropped half-a-sovereign and struck a match to see if I could find it, and somehow the newspaper caught fire. . . ."

He gave a short, cold laugh of disbelief (this can be done with practice by anybody in a short story). "It sounds likely," he said.

"You don't believe me?" she said.

"Would you?" he queried.

"But it's true," she asserted, stamping her foot.

"Oh! I daresay," he remarked. "Sounds it." And he winked rudely and openly.

"How dare you?" she said, "I want to see my uncle, Mr. Bentham. I have an appointment with him."

Now this statement had the ring of truth, but for the unfortunate fact that Mr. Bentham had been abroad for the last three weeks; a detail which any real niece might reasonably have been expected to know.

Eric recognised in a flash that opportunity had come, and that he had met her on the stairs, so to speak. Here was his chance—he would see to it that he used it to the full, that he and he alone would have the full triumph, and the subsequent reward. He did not hesitate. He would not take instructions from his superiors in the office with the prospect of losing all or any part of the credit. He would act on his own initiative. After all that was the way the heroes of the Success Manuals always acted. They took the initiative; they acted whilst others talked.

"Follow me," he said sternly to the girl. That was all. But in his tone she recognised her master (or so she thought he was going to conduct her to her uncle). Meekly she followed him.

At the entrance door, by a lucky chance, stood a policeman. Eric hailed him. "I give this lady in custody on a charge of attempted arson," he said importantly.

The girl gave a little scream.

"Well now," said the policeman, scratching his head in perplexity. He did not wish to commit himself—he had never heard of arson, although he recognised that it sounded a nice juicy sort of crime—the sort of crime that would be to his credit to be connected with. Still, he must be wary; he must find out first exactly what it was.

"And what," he said impressively "and what may the young lady have been a-doing of?"

"Arson, I tell you," said Eric, impatiently. "Suffragette trying to set our place on fire."

The word Suffragette settled all the policeman's doubts. He knew it, and he knew that whatever crimes they were charged with, even if he didn't recognise the names, they were sure to be guilty of. They always were; every well-conducted policeman knew that.

"I'm not—I wasn't," said the girl angrily.

"Daresay not, miss," said the guardian of the peace soothingly. "Still you'd best come along quiet. You can tell us all about it at the station." He pulled out a pair of handcuffs. . . She fainted right away.

The constable in perplexity pushed his helmet from his back till it tilted over his right eye. "Well, here's a go," he said judicially.

"She's only shamming," said Eric importantly. As to corroborate his theory, at this moment the girl recovered and sat up. A woman's look of wonder was followed by one of realisation of all that was happening.

"I'll go quietly, constable," she said. "Need you put those horrid things on? Can't we go in a cab?" The moment's hesitation convinced the policeman that he would lose nothing by this. He consented. In Eastcheap they found a taxi, and bringing it back to Upper Thames Street they all got in and drove to the station.

Eric preferred the charge, and the Inspector took it down severely. Then he looked at the girl—he had an eye for beauty in distress, and he was prepared already to be lenient with his charge. Still, Arson . . . *And* a Suffragette. . . What a pity duty must be done!

"Your name?" he said to her as severely as his tender heart would allow.

"Ethel Bentham," she answered almost in a whisper.

She added her address, her age, and that she was of no occupation.

"Well, well," said the Inspector, "and now how did you come——"

"I didn't," she broke out indignantly. "I went up to see my uncle, Mr. Bentham, and dropped a half-sovereign going up the stairs——"

"Mr. Bentham has been abroad for three weeks," Eric interrupted indignantly. "If she is his niece, as she says she would have known that." She gave a little gasp.

The Inspector looked grave. He shook his head. "Afraid you'll have to stay here over night," he said, "at least until we make the usual enquiries." She sobbed.

Eric returned to Upper Thames Street. His absence had not been noted, and for the moment the manager was engaged, so he could not make any report, and burstingly as he was to tell them all the news, he forebore for the present from doing so.

Five minutes later the manager came in and, addressing the staff, said:—

"I have heard just now from Mr. Bentham. He writes that he has heard that one of his nieces from Shropshire is coming up to town, and may look in to see him this week. If she does I will see her."

Eric gasped. He felt he wanted fresh air. Seizing his hat he ran downstairs. As he turned the last bend on the stairs his foot kicked something. Stooping to pick it up he found it was half-a-sovereign.

* * *

Eric is not yet a partner in the firm of Bentham and Buckthorn, nor is he any longer employed by those merchants.

SYDNEY ERNEST

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

"Aren't you going to marry young Bobbles?" asked one girl. "Perhaps," replied the other; "although I hate to put a stop to our correspondence. He does write the loveliest love letters!"

* * *

TRACING ITS ORIGIN.

Little Doris: Where did your new parasol come from?
Little Elsie: I think my papa must have made it from one of the ribs of his umbrella.

* * *

"My dear, this pie tastes just a bit stale—it must be yesterday's."
"Yes," replied Mrs. Hardcrust, "and if you don't eat it to-day, it will be to-morrow's!"

* * *

HIS REASON FOR DELAY.

That things are often a whole lot worse than they appear at first sight was demonstrated by a story told by Senator Henry Lippitt, of Rhode Island, at a recent banquet.

Some time since, according to the Senator, a man wearing an exceedingly thoughtful expression entered the office of a lawyer.

"Mr. Smith," said he, addressing the legal light, "can I bring suit against a man for calling me a rhinoceros?"

"You certainly can," was the prompt reply of the lawyer.

"When did he call you a rhinoceros?"

"Let me see," reflected the client. "It was three years ago last August."

"Three years ago!" exclaimed the astonished lawyer. "And you are just thinking of bringing suit?"

"Yes, sir," answered the client. "You see, it is this way: I never saw a rhinoceros until yesterday."

* * *

SIGNIFICANT.

Mrs. Guyer: "Is Bob's rich uncle seriously ill?"
Guyer: "Well, I saw a motor-car salesman offer Bob a cigar yesterday!"

* * *

"For the making of billiard balls five hundred elephants are needed every year," said the famous big-game hunter in his lecture on India.

"How strange!" whispered Mrs. Winsome to the lady who sat next, "that people can teach such great beasts to do such delicate work."

PRECAUTION.

Stout Patient: Doc, if you must give me gas, anchor me down, will you?—"Puck."

Doctor: You mustn't give up hope. Some years ago I had exactly the same illness.

Patient (gloomily): Ah, but not the same doctor.

* * *

A BARE PASTURE.

Apropos of the ravages that time has made in the faces and forms of the veterans of the civil war, Walter S. Morton, president general of the Union Society, said at a dinner in New York:

"A veteran, talking to his great-grandson, a little lad of eight or nine years, remarked:

"'Nearly a generation and a half ago my head was grazed by a bullet at the battle of Chickamauga.'

"The little boy looked at the old man's head thoughtfully and said:

"'There isn't much grazing there now, is there, sir?'"

Montreal Family Herald.

* * *

"I suppose your new automobile made a big hit when you went out in it?"

"Yes, it did. Most of them are hospital cases."

—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

* * *

Around a coal yard Willie's mother used to make him play. She called him in and whipped him at the close of every day. She dusted him and scrubbed him in a manner that seemed cruel. But every week she made him yield $8 worth of fuel.—*Montreal Star.*

* * *

NO THEMES.

"I found a tribe in Africa," said the explorer, "that had absolutely no idea of morality or immorality."

"That's interesting," said the mild lunatic, "but what did they do for plays?"

* * *

Mrs. Black woke her husband one night and whispered: "Larry, there's a burglar in the parlour. He just bumped against the piano and struck several keys."

"Is that so?" said Larry. "I'll go right down there."

"Oh, Larry," whispered the wife, "don't do anything rash!"

"Rash!" replied the husband. "Why, I'm going to help him. You don't suppose he can move that piano from the house without assistance, do you?"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

* * *

AN AWFUL THOUGHT.

First Ancient Maiden: I have often thought that suppose when a dentist gives you gas he should kiss you. Wouldn't it be horrible?

Second Ancient Maiden: Horrible is no name for it! Why, you wouldn't know anything about it.—*Puck.*

* * *

Jake (timidly): I wish I knowed what you'd do if I should steal a kiss, Miss Linda?

Miss Linda (coyly): I wouldn't take no

The New Chambermaid: "What! The boss beats the missus? But they told me he was a distinguished sportsman!"
The Man-Servant

INTERROGATIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

What type of women have adopted the new ankle purse? Do they find it a more convenient receptacle for money than the stocking?

* * *

What were the plain-clothes policemen doing with the long rope on Putney Heath the other night?

* * *

Is there the slightest likelihood of Winston Churchill changing his party?

* * *

What do Mr. Henry Chaplin and Captain Pretyman think of the land policy of Mr. Joynson Hicks—who, by the bye, is to have a seat in the next Unionist Cabinet?

* *

The following is culled and translated from a foreign journal: "Bornsterne Bornson, a Norwegian, will shortly pay a visit to this country (j j j j j). These j's belong somewhere in the name, but each of our readers can distribute them to suit himself. We give it up as a bad job."

* *

Who was the actress whose prospective father-in-law came to London with the intention of opposing her marriage to his son, and finished up by taking her out and buying her a fur coat, a diamond bracelet and a chain of the same stones? Is it true that she is now seriously considering marrying the father instead? And would she not be wiser first of all to insist on seeing the death certificate of his former wife?

* *

Who is the Society youth who has developed side whiskers and wears a "topper" with a wide high crown, fashions in vogue a decade or so ago? And is it likely to become a general fashion?

* *

A strike leader is reported by the *Daily Sketch* to have said to a street corner audience: "Look here, pals; you're getting eighteen bob a week. If you join our Union we'll get you twenty-two or three." He apparently omitted to mention if it would be weeks or months.

* *

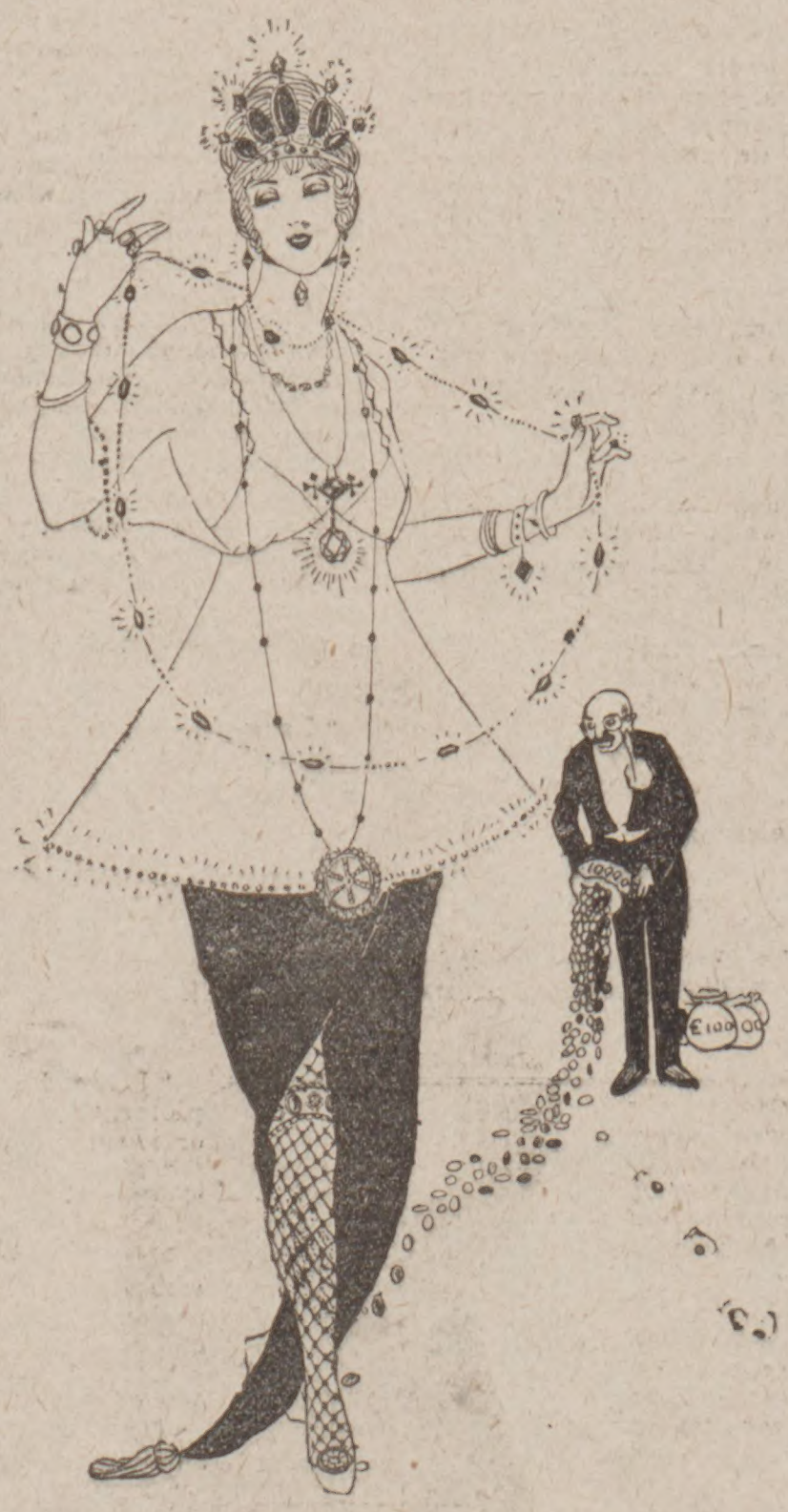
Who was the guest at a recent dance who, on missing his last train, retired to a settee that had been moved to one of the kitchen passages, intending to spend the night there, as the house was very full? And what did he say when his host, coming along the dimly lighted corridor later, and mistaking him for a waiter who had imbibed more than was really good for him, tipped the settee up and landed the poor unfortunate man on the stone floor?

* * *

Mr. Tarry, of Leicester, states that one of his hens has laid an egg 4½oz. in weight, and 7 inches in circumference. A hen what?

* * *

An onion-peeler was the plaintiff the other day in a case at Bow County Court. It must have been a tearful business.



The Stone Age for Women means the Brass Age for Men.

A young Australian on a holiday in London has said he would give a guinea to any young lady who could tell him the best way to spend the £500 he has put aside for his holiday. He does *not* give his address.

* * *

Marriage is the antidote for love.

* * *

Who is the lady who calls herself the "Admiral"? And what are these rumours we hear of her friend the "Lieutenant"?

* * *

Is it true that certain jockeys are to be questioned as to their betting transactions last year, before they receive their licences?

* * *

Did not the sudden appearance of "Brother Fred" from "Shanghai" rather upset the peaceful little *ménage à deux* in the purlieus of Purley the other evening?

* *

How long will it be before the Excise officials close down on certain unlicensed tea-shops in the West End that do such a good trade among the ladies?

* *

What do the cocoa magnates think of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's tirade against "grateful and comforting beverage" in his new book "The Flying Inn"? And are they likely to go for him and tell him exactly what they think about it?

* *

Is it true that the Corporation men of Blackpool paid Miss Vesta Tilley a good sum for her advertisement of the town, in her latest song?

* *

It is much better to embrace an opportunity than to hug a delusion.

* *

We thought we had come across another little scandal when we read the heading "Comedienne and Horse Owner," and we find it is one and the same person.

* *

Prince Albert is to go up to Cambridge later in the year. It seems probable that he will make his stay there a much more memorable one than that of the Prince of Wales at Oxford.

* *

We can see trouble brewing in the confectionery trade. A daily has two headings, both on the same page, "Buns are bad for the feet" and "Are Cake Worms Dangerous?"

* *

Love and money increasably hunt in couples.

* *

Who is the young financier who is likely to be brought into the Courts very shortly? And is he a member of a well-known Jewish house?

* * *

A daily says that Lord Reading is a very good-looking man, and gets more like Lewis Waller every day. If we were not rather nervous of the K.O.W. brigade we should say that the remark was hardly in the nature of a compliment to the Lord Chief Justice.

* * *

Who was the elderly lady in the poke bonnet who drove down Piccadilly the other day in an old-fashioned carriage

drawn by two ancient skewbalds, and driven by an aged servitor in an equally aged uniform?

* * *

Is it true that a well-known man's recent failure in business is due to the general unpopularity of his wife? Why did she make herself so objectionable to all his lady clients whenever she happened to meet them? And would she not [illegible] wiser to have kept off his business premises [illegible]

* * *

An instructive light on landlordism is afforded by the little story anent the village of Bryansford in co. Down. There the Earls of Roden, "lords paramount of the soil," have long ruled the roost, and in accordance with this tacitly acknowledged right, the present peer decided that his nominee should have the local post office. But the postal authorities thought otherwise, and to get something of his own back Lord Roden, to whom practically all Bryansford belongs, would not let a place for a post office, except to [illegible] nee, with the result that a less convenient office [illegible] be taken.

* * *

Much interest has been taken in the story, but the case is by no means isolated. Town-dwellers have no idea how a great country landlord rules matters in the neighbourhood in which he is supreme. He does more or less as he likes, even in these democratic days. Many, of course, resent the authority which the big man arrogates to himself, but they know on which side their bread is buttered, and—they have to live.

* * *

Colonel von Rutter, of the Zabern riots, has been promoted. Now you young bloods of the Prussian army, here is your royal road to promotion. Exercise your sword-arms, sharpen up your sabres, and organise a great "smelling-out" of the smilers of Alsace.

* * *

Mr. Birrell says that he dreamed that he was haunted by the ghost of Isaac Newton, which, upon seeing him, turned away in disgust, saying "Oh! That old ignoramus." But, Augustine, you are not really old, are you?

* *

"Make friends and let your friends make you," is the current *bon mot*. But sad experience teaches us that it should be "Make friends, and then your friends break you."

* * *

Self-made men have this to say for themselves, that they relieve the Almighty of a terrible responsibility.

* * *

A West End drapery advertises "Big Reductions in Ladies' Wear." This has been going on for some time. There is, after all, a limit to this disrobing fashion.

* * *

The Forlana, or the Pope's Dance, is being resuscitated to combat the influence of the Tango or the Devil's Dance. A forlorn hope. The struggle between this dance of the world on our part the Forlana tango to the Devil. And the dance of the devil will probably end in a compromise of the dance of the flesh—a sort of an Eastern wriggle.

* * *

The strike fever has us in its grip. Even the teachers of Herefordshire have gone on strike. We understand that the pupils have been preparing their hands and other tender parts of their anatomy with alum.

* * *

You can take a voter to the poll, but you can't make him think.

* * *

The Futurist music symphony which was recently executed at the Queen's Hall was said to have been written by the composer in view of a premonition of his death. After hearing the symphony, we can well understand the reason for his qualm.

* * *

Mr. Hamel, the aviator, looped the loop fourteen times before the King last week. After all, one good turn deserves another. And now we should like to ask, "When will Hamel get the [illegible]?"

* * *

Germans have determined not to be left out of the tango boom, and Mr. Tangore has been engaged to give an address on his works at Berlin next week.

* * *

A contemporary, which should know better, says that the Countess of Dudley's shapely figure when Miss Gurney "used to show off mantles for Madame Louise," but this is incorrect. The story is an old myth, which was long ago exploded, and it is unfair to revive it. Neither Lady Dudley nor her sister, Lady Troubridge, has had any association with any shop!

* * *

Some years ago the story was widely circulated that Lady Dudley originally came to London and started as a saleswoman in a milliner's shop, but as a matter of fact the Countess, whose father was the late Mr. Charles Gurney, of disastrous bank fame, was brought up and educated entirely by Adeline Duchess of Bedford.

* * *

Despite, however, this well-known circumstance, the yarn was repeated so constantly that the family at last denied it. The statement had "become annoying from a family point of view—not," it was averred, "that the suggestion in itself is annoying, but because of its highly misleading character." The original culprit was, so far as we recollect, a drapery trade paper, which some nineteen years ago was apparently hard up for news.

* * *

According to the *Soir* the creditors of Princess Louise (the late King Leopold of Belgium's daughter) are to receive £300,000, and the expected legal proceedings will not take place. Won't they? You wait. £300,000 doesn't go far with lawyers, especially if they've got English blood in them.

* * *

One of the directors of a Zoological Gardens was on his holidays. He received a note from his chief assistant which closed thus: "The chimpanzee seems to be pining for a companion. What shall we do until you return?"

SHAKESPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

"Though I could wish you were conducted to a gentle bath, and balms applied to you."
Coriolanus, Act. I., Sc. VI.

TABLOID TOPICS.

On February 10th the *Standard* will be issued in a new form. A new standard in literature.

* * *

"Murderers," says a German professor, "are usually highly strung creatures."—Yes—after they are caught and tried.

* * *

A railway labourer who was to have been married the other day committed suicide a few hours before the ceremony. Just in time.

* * *

"House Flies."—(Daily Paper.) This sounds almost incredible, unless, of course, it was a theatre possessing a full set of strong wings.

* * *

Messrs. Clarkson state that a coloured wig costs from ten to fourteen guineas. We have decided to continue wearing our own hair as long as possible.

* * *

1,256,165,970,000,000,000,000,000 tons, it is computed, is the weight of the earth. The spadeful we dropped on our best corn the other day felt twice as heavy.

* * *

"I wouldn't tell a lie for a watch as big as a frying-pan," said a prisoner, at Sheffield. For fear, of course, that he might get out of the frying-pan into the fire.

* * *

The Rev. Silvester Horne has resigned the superintendency of Whitefield Mission, and in future will confine himself to sounding the loud trumpet in Parliament.

* * *

A parrot recently laid its first egg after a space of twenty years. It laid a second two days after. After the first it said "Hello." After the second it reversed the syllables.

* * *

It takes about 3,000 worms to spin enough silk for a lady's dress. The ladies' journal in which this appeared should have added that it take one poor worm all his time to spin enough money to pay for it.

* * *

Miss Kitty Gordon is astonishing New York by going about with a bird of paradise painted in ultramarine on her cheek. A soured critic remarks that it is not the first time that charming actress has got the bird.

* * *

At an inquest upon a man who died suddenly while singing ragtime, the jury returned a verdict of death from natural causes. There might be a moral about this, if it had been the man's friends who died—or had killed him.

* * *

Mme. von. Zaleska, of Austria, was so upset because her daughter eloped, and was married, that she committed suicide and left her body to the couple as a wedding gift. No doubt the husband accepted it in the spirit in which it was sent.

* * *

Parisian ladies are wearing in the ballrooms winged shoes, which are known as "hesitation slippers." If all we hear of the naughty Parisiennes is true, however, this kind of hesitation will not prevent many of them from taking a false step.

* * *

"The costly cuirasses of the Household Cavalry regiments may have to go, it is thought, under the Army estimates," says the *Evening News*. Perhaps, however, wiser counsels will prevent this picturesque feature from being thus flattened out.

* * *

The fact that Mr. H. L. Doherty has been having some tennis practice at Queen's Club would seem (to the *Evening News*) "to indicate that the *red cantab* still contemplates a return to first-class play." Perhaps so; but we'll bet he feels a bit blue at being talked about thus. At any rate the *News* might have given him his "cap."

* * *

The prospectus of a leading Parisian dancing master announces that he is prepared to teach "the one and only rectified tango, as approved by the Episcopate and good Catholics." Does the world "rectify" in this connection imply purification, or strengthening, or "diluting with 16 per cent. of water?" Speaking for ourselves the tango always has a distinctly depressing effect upon our spirits.

"Politics as a profession?" The politician always professed—and rarely acted up to his professions.

* * *

"London in Throes of a Twin Strike." (*Evening* Lady Stewart-Bam has got her supply all the same.

* * *

"Sausages made by electricity." That is among the Of course, the batteries will be of so many, or so horse-power.

* * *

An actress has just been presented with a medal "Our Dumb Friends' League." But why an actress? about the Suffragettes?

* * *

A well-known French physician says that during siderable cold the number of cases of madness increa True; look at the coalmen.

* * *

"Mr. Lloyd George left London to spend the wee in the country," says a par. in *Reynolds's*. That's about he has left it to spend, according to some people.

* * *

In excavating Kingsway the workmen are turning huge quantities of skulls. They cannot turn up enough to satisfy all the actors who hanker to play Hamlet.

* * *

"Correction by Clock." It is a newspaper heading, refers to the correction of children, who may be par for thinking that time hangs heavy on the corrector's h

* * *

"Why shouldn't a man play Puck?" is a question in connection with Mr. Granville Barker's revival of Midsummer Night's Dream?" We haven't got to the Bo of the query yet.

* * *

The Americans are afraid that if they do not more Dreadnoughts Japan could, if she chose, capture Panama Canal. It would then, of course, be called Japanama Canal.

* * *

An orchestra of 200 and a choir of 600—all railwaymen will give a concert at the Albert Hall, on February 28th aid of their Benevolent Institution. The principal should have a loco *motif*.

* * *

The N.E.R. is charging sixpence on all musical instruments carried by passengers. Trombones and train-bonus But if the double-bass can go for a tanner, surely the pi should pass for fifepence.

* * *

Marian Gaynor, daughter of the late Mayor of New Y has become a wife at sixteen. Prior to marriage she w the breeches. So her husband may be a Gaynor in t he can wear the missis's toggery.

* * *

"Ten pounds without a name," heads the informa that the amount was sent for distressed actors. It is to hoped that it did not take the shape of a cheque. In the case, unsigned, it would be bunkered at the bankers.

* * *

"It is most singular that clothes seem to make women vain; without them they are natural," says a fem photographer of the half-altogether. Like potatoes, they are *au naturel* in their skins. But do they mash better?

* * *

"The camera nowadays has to bend the knee to the tates of fashion." This beneath portraits of certain la of the stage. According to the letterpress connected th with, fashion has turned its back on the knee of the cam and given it the cold shoulder.

* * *

What with pictures of ladies scantily clad in one table-cloths, and others of ladies without any clothes all on the upper part of their bodies, the *Daily* fairly "going it" just now. We suppose th comes of imbibing Liberal ideas.

* * *

Hackney coachmen wear badges. Why not Hackney Councillors? They are going to wear them—silver We would suggest that they should have taken the form of quids. There is Shylock's authority for the "'ducats' is the badge of all our tribe."

Harold: "I thought you knew the Browns. Don't you live in the same square?"
Madge: "Yes, but, you see, we don't live in the same circle."

The less a man has to say the less he may have occasion to say it.

* * *

Some people are too busy talking about themselves to talk about others.

* * *

Dogmatism is puppyism come to its full growth.

* * *

It is enough to annoy any woman if her husband refuses to travel with her.

* * *

Lots of girls never advance beyond the literary department of a cooking school.

* * *

The more rings a woman has on her fingers the oftener her back hair needs adjusting.

* * *

Many a man who thought he could set the world on fire turned out to be a wet blanket.

People and money are sometimes alike. The shiniest kinds are liable to be the poorest counterfeits.

* * *

A woman has been known to bend a man's will during his life and break it after his death.

* * *

When a woman starts to talk about her past you can be pretty sure she has given up all hope of having much of a future.

* * *

If you don't want to be robbed of your good name don't have it engraved on your umbrella.

* * *

It is better to be light-headed than light-fingered. (Kleptomaniacs please note.)

* * *

There is a great difference between being "tried and trusted" and "trusted and tried."

IN STAGELAND.

If you are a persistent playgoer it is surprising how welcome the films are to a jaded theatrical palate. One of our most prominent young actors told me, a day or two ago, when I mentioned that I had just come out of the West End Kinema, that I was unduly and immodestly brazen not to dissemble the fact. "My dear boy, one is supposed to slink into and ooze out of picture palaces if one is to maintain self-respect in the eyes of the world!"

* * *

I rebut his remarks in the first place by claiming for the "West End" some title more befitting its splendid and elaborate dignity than "picture palace," and in the second by informing him that my friend, Lawrence Grossmith, to use a useful instance immediately to hand, is an inveterate and unrepentant patron of this pleasant hall, and its nearest first-class neighbour, the New Gallery, in Regent Street. To my knowledge he never "slinks" or "oozes" anywhere. Besides which, anyone who has not yet seen and heard Edison's Kinetophone (exclusive to the "West End," in Coventry St.) is hopelessly out of the swim. It is a startling enterprise.

* * * *

Lawrence Grossmith, by the way, has joined the caste of "Who's the Lady?" at the Garrick, and whether or not this production is the acme of good taste, Lawrie will add enormously to its attractions. Londoners generally will not easily forget the refinement of his whimsical humour in "The Great Ken." One recollects that George Robin Hood Robey was fond of taking his boy scouts to Nottingham because he so loved a "bit of lace," and although one could congratulate the episcopal mind on a moderate breadth of view on these lines, it is still difficult for us to discern how the clerical and unofficially censorial representatives came to guarantee "Who's the Lady?" not only officially bishop-proof, but positively hallowed with their saintly approval.

* * *

I am informed that Mr. Leon Quartermaine has shared the same dressing-room with H. O. Nicholson and Arthur Whitby during four consecutive runs in different theatres, the last and present occasion being of course "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Savoy.

* * *

Every Christmas production of importance, with the exception of Drury Lane's "Sleeping Beauty Re-Awakened," has shut down with a click within a few days of one another. "Where the Rainbow Ends" has gone on tour; "Alice in Wonderland" is at Brighton this week, and "Peter Pan" has gone North. The others have finished altogether for this season. "The Shepherdess Without a Heart," and "The Golden Land of Fairy Tales," the outstanding success of three years ago, will be revived next year if present intentions hold good.

* * *

About the *Era*'s fund for Miss Topsy Sinden. One regrets acutely to learn that she may be unable to charm us any more owing to the persistence of the muscular trouble which has checked, we hope it is only checked, her dancing career just as its growing attractions were becoming a feature of contemporary musical comedy. There has been already contributed the magnificent sum of £780 5s. 1d. I should be very glad indeed if any readers so disposed would send contributions to Mr. Alfred Barnard, the Treasurer, at 5, Tavistock Street, Strand, W.C. He will acknowledge same, of course.

* * *

The *Era* informs us, by the way, that Mr. Lew Hearn, who will play a lead in "After the Girl" at the Gaiety, is fonder of this country than Walter Kelly, the Virginian Judge. This surprises me not at all, as Mr. Hearn is a comedian of the type that could create an embarrassing "scene" in a public restaurant at lunch time, and he does not hesitate to afflict us with that eternal flamboyant Yankee joke which says in effect: "How this funny little crowd in this funny little town will admire me when I, in my great art, descend from the pinnacle of the American stage to the intellectual obscurity of these Britisher audiences." That is really the whole secret of some of the astonishing American collapses seen during the last few months.

* * *

Which reminds me! Is Ned Wayburn, the distinguished producer of "Hullo! You There?" (which I have worshipped so hard for ten nights recently), still going to sue Mr. de Courville for that small sum of £40 odd? I hope he does, for any good humour, of the deliberate or unconscious order, is welcome. Meanwhile, how much of the wild success of "Hullo! Tango!" is due to Mr. Wayburn? Glad indeed am that Mr. de Courville has decided to trust himself to a large extent again. We like it do that way, and it does not affect the chorus ladies' healths to the same extent.

* * *

Mlle. Karina has an extremely delicate dancing art in excellent working order at the Coliseum. It is called "The Colour of Life," and illustrates the aptness of a particular colour to typify a particular emotion or passion. A beautiful idea, charmingly executed. The cheap advertisement so kindly volunteered by the philanthropic sandwich men of the A.M.U. (Associated Musicians' Union—or something to the same effect) to plaintively request the general public to stay away from the Coliseum, is going on nicely thanks! You could not get a seat for love nor money if you are more than half an hour late, as a rule. Good for the A.M.U.—and better for Mr. Stoll.

* * *

By-the-bye, in spite of the repeated deaths of the play, it is pleasing to note that the Alhambra production, "Miss Smiling," is doing great business—is indeed one of the most lively corpses I have seen for a long time. Jack Hale adds to his reputation day by day as our premier revue artist, and he has lots of other clever people to back him up.

* * *

Although I have not yet had an opportunity of seeing Miss Lydia Yavorska in "Anna Karenina" I am told that the Ambassadors' continues to do very good business. I hear that the charming Russian princess looks almost as "arresting" as the very striking posters which you will have seen on the hoardings. Good luck to her! She deserves to be a winner after her repeated and courageous attempts to hit the public taste.

W. B.

He: I'm painting a new problem picture.
She: And what's the problem?
He: How to sell it when I've done it.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE INNOCENT.

The name of Miss Daisy Lightfoot is familiar to us all. Who has not been charmed with cheap reproductions of her smile, used the tooth powder named after her, heard of her engagement to the Earl of Popcorn, or read columns of gush regarding her salary in the ha'p'ny press, has not lived. It was not always thus, however, for only six months ago she was a nonentity in the chorus; but now, why, now she is the darling of the Frivolity, the idol of London. Which consummation was achieved as is set out hereafter:

It was apparent from the winning smiles thrown by the ladies of the chorus that the young gentleman in the front row of the stalls was no mere casual visitor, and when one of the prettiest of the girls exchanged with him a proprietary simper, he was subjected to many curious and envious glances from his fellow-audience. But the Hon. Aubrey Harrington seemed oblivious to their scrutiny, and at the close of the performance he met his promised wife, Miss Daisy Lightfoot, at the stage door.

"How did I look?" she asked, even as she had asked every night for two months, whilst he helped her into a waiting taxi.

"Oh, ripp'n'," said Aubrey, which was by no means an original answer.

"I do wish I could get a part, though," returned Daisy. "I know I'm worth it. Look at Rosie Maxwell. She's got a song and dance now, just simply because one day a footpad relieved her of a few shillings' worth of sham jewellery. I wonder how much she paid him to do it? It's advertisement I need, that's all. I've a good voice—though that doesn't matter much—I'm all right for looks, I've as pretty a pair of ——"

"Of course, oh, yes!" interrupted Aubrey hastily. "And—er—couldn't you get *your* jewels stolen?"

"That dodge is *too* stale, my dear boy; the fickle public are tired of it. Rosie's was a little more artistic. She was actually attacked by a footpad and compelled to stand and deliver—so she says. Oh, I wish you could think of something!"

"I wish I could, dear; but I'm no good at the thinkin' barge."

"Do you really love me dearly, Aubrey?" she asked.

"Oh, Daisy, you know I do!"

"Would you fight for me?"

"Ra-ather," said Aubrey, valiantly. "Has any blackguard been insultin' you, dear?"

"No-o. Not exactly. But here we are! I'll tell you at supper."

They made their way into the crowded restaurant, where Aubrey was well-known, and, in their usual corner, secluded from gaze of the mob, she told him why she required him to vouch for his bloodthirstiness on her behalf.

"Before I left my sweet country home—oh, Aubrey, how the memory hurts!—to come to London, I was engaged to our curate. I was only a girl then, of course, but our engagement has never really been broken off. I therefore thought that perhaps if I wrote asking him to come and see me, you could meet him too, and—and challenge him to fight you—a duel with swords—for me, your lady love."

"Swords?" gasped Aubrey. "But I can't fence. Good heavens! Er—is he—has he a long reach?"

"Oh, I don't think he would ever really fight. He's not a big man, any way."

"Aw—think I care what size he is?" asked Aubrey, in a relieved tone. "For your sake I would fight him were he as big as—as St. Paul's.

"I know you would," she said sweetly. "Still, I'm sure he won't fight. But you can challenge him, all the same, and we'll get our portraits published in the *Daily Scare*. 'Clergyman fights for his lady-love.' 'Miss Daisy ——, of the Frivolity, the pretty young actress for whose sake the Honourable Aubrey Harrington'—your portrait below—'is ready to shed his blood.' And then I am interviewed by newspaper-men galore."

"By Jove, that's good!" cried Aubrey, who thought he would look rather distinguished on the front page of the *Scare*. "Bring the fellow up, an' I'll break his bally neck, if you like."

"Well, come round sure on Friday, dear, and I'll take care he's there. I believe he's a man who usually goes to bed by eleven, but we'll keep him up that night."

Wherefore it came about that the Reverend Hugh Macmillan was very unwillingly forced to leave his flock and journey to London as requested in the letter he had received, which also told him that his former sweetheart, Daisy Lightfoot (which, of course, is not her real name), had something very important to communicate to his private ear. In the train the young curate had ample time to see what a stupid fellow he'd been. "But," he muttered, in extenuation, "I was two years younger then."

On Friday night he waited outside the stage door of the Frivolity, feeling very uncomfortable. As he did not know when the performance stopped, he had waited more than an hour before Miss Daisy Lightfoot came out, and when she greeted him effusively Aubrey appeared in the background. The two men were introduced, and together, at Aubrey's invitation, they got into the taxi, the Reverend Hugh wondering what on earth he was in for.

They reached Romano's, and soon were seated at their usual table.

"Hugh," said Daisy, piteously, "you must wonder why I have brought you here. . . . Mr. Harr—the Honourable Aubrey Harrington, I should say—is my fiancé. Oh, I'm sorry I've deceived you!"

"But—but how have you deceived me?" asked Macmillan, gently.

Daisy placed a handkerchief to her eyes. "We—we were engaged, and I didn't break it off, although I became engaged to Au—Aubrey. Of course, you and I could never have married. It would have been absurd."

The Reverend Hugh Macmillan was feeling immensely relieved.

"Of course," he agreed, good-naturedly. "Quite absurd, dear, quite, quite." Then he laughed. "Oh, quite absurd, —impossible!"

Aubrey's slightly open mouth denoted acute surprise, and Daisy clutched a fish-knife convulsively.

"You needn't laugh so much," she said.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, dear. I—I——"

"You understand, however," interrupted Aubrey, pompously, "that if you think you have been hardly treated I am quite willing to give satisfaction."

"I beg your pardon?" asked Macmillan, blankly.

"I am quite willing, I said, to give satisfaction."

"I don't quite understand," said the Reverend Hugh, completely mystified.

Daisy caught Aubrey frantically by the arm.

"No, no, Aubrey," she cried, "you mus'n't fight, you mus'n't fight!"

"Fight? . . . . Fight?" said Macmillan. "There's no need to fight, dear."

Aubrey turned on him savagely.

"I allow no man to address my fiancée as you have done," he said. "Already you have called her 'dear' three times. I'll have satisfaction, I tell you, I will."

"But——"

"Here, sir, is my card. Perhaps you will favour me by callin' at twelve o'clock to-morrow mornin' at my address, when this matter can be arranged. And now, Daisy, we will go."

He turned to the young curate again.

"Good-night to you, sir," he said. "I will escort the lady home myself. She has no further need of your attendance."

Macmillan flushed quickly; then he looked at Aubrey's card.

"I will be punctual," he said.

* * *

When Daisy rose next morning she was in high spirits. Aubrey had carried it off magnificently last night, she thought, although she had felt a little sorry for Hugh, poor boy. However, at half-past twelve she meant to go round to Aubrey's flat—they would have arranged the matter by that time—and from there she could 'phone and get one of the *Daily Scare* men round with his camera. He would take a photograph of her, of course, perhaps two or three, and one of Aubrey, and she would give him Hugh's address. Between them, and together with the bunch of prints she intended to carry round, she reckoned they would fill an issue of the *Scare* nicely.

"Goodness! twelve o'clock," she said, as she busied herself with a pencil and her eyebrows; "I'll need to hurry."

Soon, therefore, she was at Aubrey's flat, and as she was shown in by his man she met Hugh in the hall, preparing to depart. He was slightly flushed, and his hair was ruffled.

"Oh, Hugh," she cried, forgetting her part in her eagerness, "is it all arranged?"

"And settled," said Hugh, gravely, and made to leave.

"Wait a moment, Hugh, please. Wait. I want you to get your photograph taken."

Macmillan laughed outright.

"My dear," he said, "you'll find someone more worthy of the art of photography than I. He's in that room; and, by the way, you forgot to tell him I was the light-weight champion at Harrow. Good-morning!"

"What does he mean?" she thought. She hurried into Aubrey's room to see.

On a couch lay the stricken Honourable A. Harrington, gasping loudly, his nose red, trickling blood, and one eye woefully discoloured.

"Oh, Aubrey!" cried Daisy.

"Ah! so you've come," he rejoined, angrily. "Well, what do you think of your beastly handiwork?"

"But who—who did this?"

"Who do you think?" he roared. "Your confounded curate, of course! Heavens! and you said you loved me."

"But how did it happen, dear?"

"When I challenged the beast to fight, he said it wasn't British to fight with swords, but with fists. Like an ass I—oh, my head!"

"Poor Aubrey," she cooed. . . . "Still, it'll be quite a good ad.; will I send for the *Daily Scare* photographer right off?"

Aubrey stared at her blankly. "Send—you—you—well, I'm—" He choked. "You hire a bally prize-fighter to murder me nearly, then you wish to make capital out of my pain. And you swore you loved me. It's awfully rotten of you!"

"But, Aubrey——"

He waved his hand at her irritably; then, had it not been for the discoloured eye, gory nose, and generally dishevelled appearance, he would have looked quite dignified.

"I have the honour, madam," he said, "to wish you good morning."

"Oh, Aubrey, dear!" she cried, stretching out her arms.

"I don't want to see you again," he said. "Good mornin'."

He turned away, disdaining her pleading eyes, being more engrossed attending to his bleeding nose.

Miss Lightfoot slowly made her exit, and when at length she reached home, she seemed on the verge of breaking into weak, womanly tears. Instead, however, she did that which has made her the star she is. She sat down and wrote to her solicitors.

ERIC DE BANZIE.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

Constant Reader (Good old "Constant Reader"!) wants to know whether we should advise him to let his son go to Australia as a farm-hand. It all depends on the son. If he is fitted for farm work, certainly, if, on the other hand—

Pantomime (London).—The "Era," 5, Tavistock Street, will supply you with the information you require. They will doubtless be able to supply you with the name of the lady's agent, who will provide photographs.

Cyrus, J. (Bristol).—Batch of M.S.S. to hand, minus stamped envelope. Too much padding and not enough plot.

J. L. V. (Tunbridge).—If you unlearned what you've learned, and learned [illegible] other things, and practised hard for about five years, and then submitted again . . . .

F. M. (Seacombe).—Your two men aren't saying anything of the slightest interest, and their trousers are too horrible for words.

D. T. (Brighton). "Looked In" found the basket.

Fred C. (Yarmouth).—Does a child think? Certainly. It doesn't think the thoughts of a philosopher, but it thinks. For instance, it thinks medicine beastly, before the age of five.

W. P. (N.W.).—No good. Nothing but a noise on paper.

Anon (Shrewsbury).—The man who can't trust us with his name can't expect us to trust him with information.

Johnny B. (Lancs.).—As pointless as a pound of butter at the end of a heated argument.

N. S. (Bradford).—We have something on that topic already in type, but you've got ideas. Let's hear from you again.

Dibs (Stratford).—It was a good story before the edges were worn off in the reign of Queen Victoria, or Queen Anne—we forget which.

H. V. (Dulwich).—"For your consideration" was an unfortunate way of putting it. The last thing your outburst wanted was calm, cold consideration. If it gets that, it's lost. Yours is lost

MADAME MAUDE'S PATTE

Famous Paris Mod

1d. & 2d. ea

Why pay exorbitant prices for patterns when you can get models reliable, and bearing the stamp of smartness. Madame Maude's fam patterns are well known in every where home dressmaking is carried on. We want every the United Kingdom to get acq them; for we are convinced that they have used MADAME PARIS PATTERNS they will never employ any other make.

148. Schoolgirl's Smart Frock, 8-10 yrs.

Here are a few examples of the ingly stylish models produced by Maudé:

148.—This simple little frock schoolgirl is practical and smart same time. The ornamental smart magyar yoke of contrasting suggest a mine of good ideas to practical ladies who have made the most of the bargain season. Any small girl would be proud to wear this dress. **Paper Pattern 2d.**

600. Smart Tunic Suit, 1-4 yrs.

600.—For the last five or six years, tunic suits have been prime favourites with all mothers, not only because they are so easy to make, but also because they are the sweetest "first" suits for little boys that have ever been invented. Madame Maude has the credit of being an expert on tunic styles for kiddies, and the example gives a good idea of her art in this direction. **The Pattern of this Charming Garment is 1d.**

596. Girl's House Overall.

596.—As girls grow older and begin to help mother about the house, or attend to their private hobbies, the need of a serviceable overall is often felt. The accompanying sketch shows a splendid design which completely covers the whole dress. It looks well in either print or art linen. **Paper Pattern 1d.**

149.—Here is a splendid Madame Maude style for the young lady who is already planning early Spring dresses. It has Parisian smartness, simplicity stamped all over it, and will be "all the rage" during the next season. Either a woollen or a cotton fabric would reproduce it to perfection. **Paper Pattern 2d.**

You can obtain these patterns from your newsagent, or we shall be pleased to forward catalogue on receipt of penny stamp.

Publishers, MADAME MAUDE'S PAPER PATTERNS, 29, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.

MODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

With the ... of spring, as it were, interest in ... sport generally seems to revive wonderfully, ... the time being, with the Rugby and Association ...rnationals, the Cup ties, the cross-country sport, hockey ...ils, internationals and the thousand and one other ...gs, there is plenty to interest everyone. Perhaps just ... the Cup ties claim chief attention, and they are work- ... towards a great semi-final and final tie.

CUP SPECULATIONS.

... Villa and Sunderland (last year's finalists), Black- ...ner, and Bolton Wanderers have so far escaped ... fairly comfortable tasks in the third round and should ...ure ... the last eight clubs. The Wanderers have to visit ... and may strike a snag and capsize.

...e four Southern League clubs left in to represent the ...South have been drawn fairly well. Millwall are at home ...r the third time in succession, and having beaten Chelsea ...nd Bradford City can reasonably be expected to account ... Sheffield United; West Ham, also at home again, can ... their best form account for Liverpool, and although ... Brighton and Queen's Park Rangers have to travel they ... not hopeless tasks by any means, although the odds ...e against them. I fancy that the Villa, Sunderland, ...effield Wednesday, Millwall, Birmingham, the Rovers, ...Ham and Bolton will provide the last eight of the ...

THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL.

The first English Soccer side is a bit of a surprise, so far ... the forward line is concerned. England got four goals ...gainst the North in the trial, and yet only Martin, the out- ...side left, of ... team gets his cap ... Two Blackburn ... and Latheron, who ...ld, supplant Fleming ...nd Elliott takes V. J. Wood- ...n at centre-forward. I can ...d Elliott being put in, for the ...ough man is about the best ...England this year, and is play- ...dashing and yet brainy football, and ...rd is certainly not, nowadays at ...shing, no matter how clever ... combination he may be. ...in for Fleming at inside ... the Swindon captain was ... the trial and has not yet ... The choice of Latheron is ... He is certainly not ... Holley, and the latter is a ...ate of Martin. I should have ...ght Holley and Martin would have ...at the better left wing on account of ...e combination, but selectors do do ...e quaint things at times. On the ...ay in the trial at Sunderland, Walden ... was more entitled to a ..., the Villa outside left. ... and Jesse Pennington, ... re the two backs, and ... goal—that much was inevit- ...sley, with McCall on the ... gets a well-deserved cap for ... Cuggy and Watson ... themselves into their places ... side of him. The match with ... will be played next Saturday, at ...dlesbrough. Who wants to back ...and?

F.A. AND A.F.A. BURY THE HATCHET.

... the split—that foot- ...over which more gallons of ...k have been shed than even on the imaginary hardships of the professional football white slave, was accomplished without any flourish of trumpets. The F.A. and the A.F.A. passed resolutions confirming the work of the sub-committee, and, hey presto! it is all over. It is certainly gratifying, but none the less surprising. Had it happened at an earlier stage in the season there would have been fireworks; now it is merely a matter of passing interest. I wonder how the Walls and Cleggs of the F.A. will lie down with the Hughes-Onslows and Wilfred Browns of the A.F.A. There should be some interesting debates in the near future. Still, gentlemen, good luck to you. Amateur football will gain immensely from the reconciliation.

INTER-LEAGUE FOOTBALL.

I notice that the Football League have chosen almost the same side to meet the Southern League at New Cross on Monday next, as I have commented on above. The forwards, backs and goalkeeper are the same and Cuggy plays at right half. The other two half-back positions are the only changes, Harrop figuring at centre-half and McNeal at left-half. It will be a fine trial match for the English team, and probably that was in the minds of the League officials when they chose the side. For once in a way I don't think that the Southern League have done their best, but several star players—Fleming, for instance—are crocked.

THE SECOND RUGBY INTERNATIONAL.

The English Rugby Union have made few changes in their team for the second of the season's internationals, that with Ireland on February 14th. In the main they are relying on the combination that beat Wales. F. E. Oakley and W. J. A. Davies, the Services' half-backs, will replace the Midlands pair, Wood and Taylor, who are unlucky in being dropped because the English forwards were beaten by what A. E. Stoddart describes as the finest pack ever got together by Wales. Still, I fancy Oakley and Davies are really the better pair. There could be no tinkering with the backs after they had so brilliantly won what ought to have been a lost game. England will beat Ireland by a bigger margin than the single point by which she triumphed over Wales. So much for football.

The Lady: "You've heard the Professor's wonderful playing? What a touch!"
Lord Algy: "And what a nerve! Top-hole!"

BOXING STILL BOOMING.

The boxing boom continues. On Monday last there were no fewer than nine big gatherings in London alone, and they were filled by enthusiasts, and even then thousands were disappointed. The big match last week was the meeting of Paul Til and Kid Lewis, the French and English cracks, at the recently re-opened Premierland. It would look as if this resort is to be run on much improved lines by Mr. Jack Callaghan. The match was, to my mind, spoilt by the referee, Mr. Keen, at first saying he would not go into the ring, and then in the seventh round doing so; and parting the boxers every time they got together, sometimes even when they were not holding.

Til, who was pretty weak when the twelfth round began, but who had been saved a lot of punishment, and probably a knock-out by this action of the referee, was reasonably entitled to assume that Mr. Keen would go on pulling them apart when they clinched, and was therefore surprised when at the end of the twelfth round he was disqualified. This was a bit rough for Lewis was nearly, if not quite, as much to blame. The taller boy, he was leaning on his opponent all through, and many times when Til was told of his holding Lewis was making it practically impossible for him to break.

BIG FIGHTS TO COME.

Great interest is being taken in the Blake v. Wells fight at the Palladium on Tuesday, March 3, and all the cheaper tickets—those up to one guinea—are sold already. Another big match is the return between Ledoux and Bill Beynon, at Cardiff to-night (Saturday). It will be remembered that a few weeks ago Beynon's seconds threw up the sponge on his behalf, owing to a severe cut on the eye. Up to that point it had been anybody's match. It hardly seems time for the split eye to have fully healed, but I suppose Beynon's advisers know all about their man's condition.

CRICKET IN SOUTH AFRICA.

It seems quite monotonous to hear the expression, another big score by Hobbs. He and Rhodes put on 211 for no wickets against the Transvaal, of which Hobbs claimed 131. The Transvaal lost 6 wickets for 145, and the match was drawn. It is rather curious that Sidney Barnes again had something of an off match in the bowling. He was freely hit, we are told by Reuter.

BILLIARDS.

Melbourne Inman, who will soon have to defend his title to the billiards championship, must have been vastly interested in the ivory ball play of George Gray, in his match with Tom Newman. I am writing before the match is over, but unless something has happened that is altogether unexpected Newman has won, and Gray has shown little of the form he displayed with the composition substitutes. Reece and Stevenson, Gray's opponents in the preliminaries or eliminating rounds, started a match last week, Stevenson conceding Reece 1,000 in 18,000 up for £300. If the money is really down I should always back Stevenson at those odds. By the way, good judges—outside that best of all players John Roberts—consider Tom Newman the coming champion. More worry for Inman.

AIR RACING AT HENDON.

The speed races and cross-country contests are now the feature of the Saturday programmes at Hendon. There is very keen rivalry among the airmen who take part in these sporting events, and invariably the finishes of these races are exceeding close, the first three competitors flying over the winning line within the space of a few seconds.

Recently races have taken place under extremely wintry conditions; one memorable occasion being when the Aerodrome was covered with a thick white frost, while a fog made the aviators practically invisible on the further side of the racing course.

The catering at Hendon has been the cause of some criticism, and it will be of interest to the visitors, particularly during the winter period, to know that hot luncheons and teas are obtainable in the Aerodrome restaurant on Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays, when the public meetings take place. The difficulty, however, in the past has been the extremely slow service, and it is to be hoped that the contractors have done something to remedy this, otherwise the hot meals will be hot in name only—not in reality.

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THE PRIMROSE AND THE K

Piccadilly Circus is a tangled spot, and at four afternoon a very carefully attired "Knut" stood at the very draughty entrance to the tube—which other spots in London is indicative of the excess of Cupid. The "Knut" was waiting. He was w Her. He had reached the spot at 4.30 precisely, of a taxi-cab, and had hardly been waiting a mome ere he had had a good look round to see if she wa a youth attired about as elegantly as himself gave in the back that caused him to knock down a wire ment full of papers, attached to one of the estab of W. H. Smith.

"Hullo, Reggy," said the newcomer affably.

Reggy frowned.

"Good Lord," he said with irritation. "I went off with a cycling club on Saturday afterno ley."

Stanley nodded.

"I do, only I'm a bit fed up with mending My jigger wants replacing with a new one, so I have a little trip up West for a change. Lucky

Reggy buttoned his yellow gloves.

"I'm waiting for someone," he said coldly.

Stanley grinned.

"Oh, Freddy, I suppose. Well, all right, you."

Reggy bent his cane into pothooks.

"Freddy be hanged," he said shortly. "I'm a lady."

Stanley whistled.

"Oh, great Scott! No wonder you want to I'd cut you out with a flapper any day, old man.

"Oh, buz off," he said. "Really, Stanley, trop' on this occasion—and you aren't too polite either."

"Do I know her?" asked Stanley with curios think I know all Tooting."

"She isn't Tooting," said Reggy acidly.

"French?" muttered Stanley. "Beware, my care!"

"Oh, stow it!" said Reggy angrily. "You her. She's up from the country."

"A primrose," said Stanley. "Oh, Lord, I'm can't stick these raw things. Wish you joy, old

At five minutes past five a young lady nudged Reggy's arm.

"Oh, there you are," she said excitedly. "I you would be here. I took a taxi, to get here in I haven't enough money to pay for it! He's kerb, keeping his eye on us, and, oh, there's I always wanted on that bookstall. That new one Glyn. Oh, I wish . . . "

Reggy bought the novel, with some badinage blem novels" being bad for little girls, and then pacify the taxi-driver. That gentleman gracio cepted seven and sixpence. Reggy returned charming acquaintance deep in delight before an with a basket of bunches of violets. He bou bunches at sixpence each, and heard with that Miss Nash was hungry.

"We'll go and have some tea," he said. be the best place?"

"The Criterion," she said. "I know that. always takes me there."

So to the Criterion they went.

The "Knut" wished that Stanley could see M hat; for a country girl she was quite up-to-date.

After tea he was wangled into buying her a box lates which she chose with the soft discriminat famous "Lord Mayor's Fool," who "liked the best thing."

In the Picture Palace to which she insisted on g wards she drove him to distraction by talking of someone called Percy, who was going to lea

In the taxi, rolling home to her aunt's house in Reggy found himself counting up the rest of his m inward misgivings. When they arrived there, h enough to pay the fare and give the man sixpence.

Miss Nash pausd on the doorstep:

"I won't ask you in," she said with regret. very well. Thank you so very much—I hope joyed yourself!"

Walking home, Reggy became a wiser man.

THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

In a characteristically brilliant article headed "Correction by Clock—Hours at which Punishment Has the Best Effect on Children," the *Daily Sketch* enlarges upon the dictum of an American professor, that "Parents should admonish their boys at ten o'clock in the morning any day in January or February," also that "Four o'clock in the afternoon should be avoided, as well as the months of March, April, and September." This has struck us as being such an important matter that we have invited the opinions, amongst others, of some of our most famous and notorious personalities. Below are appended a few of the replies we have received.

The whole question seems to be merely one of time. For instance, I myself would never think of punishing a--er—pheasant on a week-day or on the day of the week. Neither would I, dream of having my hair cut on a Monday. As to work, I admit of no restrictions; this can be practised at all times, and on all occasions if one is especially anxious. For myself, whenever I see a hen-roost, with a chicken fluttering loose, I work. I append my initials only, which I hope will prove sufficient disguise to my identity.

Ll. G.

Sir, I agree with your theory, for it is one that I put into practice with satisfying results. Two years ago I experienced a great deal of trouble with my then three-year-old terror. He always spilt egg down his pinafore and insisted, notwithstanding my entreaties, on using bad language, saying "dam" instead of "jam." About the middle of January your theory came before my notice, but ten o'clock was the earliest permissible for whacking purposes. Of course, I knew my son could be expected to rise so early in the morning during the winter months, even for the least of exercises. Thus January and February passed, I did not forget the egg spilt on his pinny; March and April came by, but during these sacred months the child could not be admonished. I bided my time, the while vengeance gnawed at my heart. At last. Oh, glorious first of May! Be a real lamming mad-day. My son is now a reformed character. He no longer spills egg on his pinny, and says "dsam," not "dam," for "jam."

A FOND PARENT.

Sir,—I am not at liberty to discuss the matter just now. All my time is taken up with another matter.

FRANK HARRIS.

Sir,—I think I perceive a glimmering of sense and truth in your suggestions. I myself arrange my life by the clock, and while disagreeing entirely with the idea of any form of punishment, I fully appreciate the suggestion of regulating my work at certain hours, a practice that I have always followed. Besides, time enters so largely into one's life that one must not ignore the rules governing it.

BROAD ARROW (PORTLAND BILL).

Sir,—Rubbish, sir! Rubbish! Everything can be done at all times, and in all places, especially if it be letter-writing. I am walking down Piccadilly at the present moment, and I say there is no time like the present, and as I always carry my pen, ink, paper, and writing desk about with me,—here

ALGERNON ASHPAN.

Sir, Your article interests me, as it forcibly brings home to me the difference between what should be and what is. I have been hired for one hundred pounds a year to write some verse upon any of the uninteresting subjects that may crop up during my term of office. But, my masters, would you for one hundred pounds? Don't tell anyone, but I am palming off my early student stuff on them, and have two fine odes on hand, one "To a Daisy," and another "To an Earthquake," which will appear at the first appropriate moment.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

Small Keeper (to sullen elephant): "Now, then! Down! Down! I'll ju-jitsu yer in a minute!"

Sir,—Punishment is not synonymous with revenge, so that your point of view seems to be somewhat obscured. As for classing the morally unfit with the physically infirm, I express no opinion except that which I have previously stated. Of course, manners alter with the times, so that matters may be entirely changed within a short space of time, but nevertheless I still hold to my theory (as a theory) of a Home Rule Protective Tariff for Free Trading Retaliators.

ARTHUR J. BALFOUR.

Dear Sir,—As doubtless you know, I am an upside-down man, and am not unknown in the world of charity, for I seem to shed a lot of silver and coppers around when I loop the loop. Because of my upsidedownedness, Fridays seem to be my particularly lucky days; why, only last Friday week I was encouraged to stand on my head before the King.

HAMEL (Ship of the Desert-Air).

Sir,—Yes, I do believe in adapting man to time and mood, for I am a moody man myself, and of a playfully changeful nature. For instance, on the rare occasions that I choose a new hat, I fit them on before breakfast, as I find that during the day my head has increased somewhat in size.

NAVY WINNIE.

Elastic side boots, we read, are returning to favour with the ladies. Which only goes to prove that there are people who see something in the side slit idea, even where a skirt is not concerned.

* * *

Military nuts who are company commanders are, according to the latest decision of the Army Council, to be mounted on cobs. When route marching, or engaged in manœuvres, they will thus be less likely to crack up.

FOOTBALL COMPETITIONS.

The Result of our

FIFTH FOOTBALL COMPETITION

will be announced next week.

In spite of the announcement of withdrawal in last issue the prizes for the

SIXTH FOOTBALL COMPETITION

will be awarded in due course.

All coupons which reach this office on or before Friday, February 6th, will be eligible.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "AURIGA."

THE REDUCTION IN THE BANK RATE to 3 per cent. a week ago gave business on the Stock Exchange a further fillip, and everybody is talking of a real boom, but some of the Bankers are nervous, and do not wish to shoulder any longer the whole of the responsibility of carrying on so huge a trade as we do on so small a gold basis. If the Banks eventually do—as it is proposed they should—publish their stock of gold, we shall begin to realise what a huge tax they take out of trade and business for the credit they lend.

* * *

THE PUBLIC IS CERTAINLY TAKING UP almost all the new issues, and this is sure to bring out many more prospectuses which were held up on account of the slump before Christmas. The underwriters, too, who had large stocks on hand of accumulated securities, are rapidly getting out at a handsome profit.

* * *

IT IS EASY TO MAKE 5 per cent. and 6 per cent. nowadays without much risk by investing in sound industrial companies.

* * *

COMMERCIAL MOTOR MANUFACTURING shares are well worth attention. Considerable orders for commercial vehicles are pouring in to the chief manufacturing firms, whose turnovers will show heavy increases during the present year.

* * *

HOME RAILWAYS are undervalued as traffics are booming, and it is believed satisfactory dividends will be announced. The "heavies" should be bought.

* * *

THE AMERICAN MARKET shows some slight improvement, but the position is weak, and there does not seem to be much chance of improvement just yet. 1913 was a difficult year on Wall Street, and the total bank clearings for 1913 were considerably less than in 1912. There is a feeling that the present Administration is not favourable to the moneyed interests, and if the Trusts are controlled prices will certainly fall. Southern Pacifics and Northern Pacifics are both good investments.

* * *

IN CHICAGO it is considered that this year's beef supply will be very short in spite of the "free meat" under the new tariff law, and doubtless in a few years we shall see the States importing large quantities of beef from new feeding grounds.

* * *

THE CRISIS IN BRAZIL has come about as the result of the export of too much bullion in 1913. This was caused by her inability to raise capital in Europe in exchange for her securities, chiefly Rubber and Coffee, and to meet some of her liabilities Brazil is now selling her battleships. Things are almost sure to be worse here before any improvement can come.

* * *

IN THE FOREIGN MARKET there are many cheap securities, notably Chilians at 92, German Threes at 80 and Hungarian Rentes. The collapse of the Victor Bank did not make much stir. The Paris position remains about the same, and much improvement cannot be expected in view of the immense expenditure on war material.

* * *

In the **OIL MARKET** Venezuelan Oil Concessions should be left severely alone. Shell and Royal Dutch are likely to improve. Reconstruction appears inevitable in the case of Premiers.

* * *

RUBBER COSTS ARE STILL TOO HIGH and less is being sold. In spite of this Rubber shares rise, but it is dangerous to buy as a fall will surely come, and the wisest policy is to sell out. United Lankat is, of course, in so strong a position that holders of these shares need not be nervous in spite of the slightly reduced profits.

* * *

IN THE MISCELLANEOUS MARKET the shares of John Knight, Ltd., are a good investment. J. Sears and Company too have done well. There has been a revival in Egyptians, and these are being talked much further. Brewery shares are still being bought, but there a slump again, and holders who bought low should sell and take their profits.

* * *

WE HEAR OF WAR IN THE SHIPPING WO but the rate reductions are not serious yet. Consi business is being done in P. and O.'s, and there again of some amalgamations. All the companies cerned in the Australian trade are in thoroughly condition, and big developments are pending. The Dempster's, new 6 per cent. issue went well. Their cent. Cum. Prefs. are at 1-16th premium.

* * *

DE BEERS are a good purchase at their present

* * *

COBALT LAKES and Townsites and Casey Co being well supported, and rises in these shares are fidently expected.

* * *

IN THE INDUSTRIAL MARKET Straker (1913) Ltd., show that the profits earned for the past years have risen from £9,656 in 1911 to £13,080 in It is estimated that the net profit for the current which will end on June 30th, should be about £18,00 that a steady increase in following years may be exp At the statutory meeting recently held, the Chairm timated that the sales for the first six months of t rent year showed an increase of 30 per cent. over a twelvemonth ago, and he foreshadowed that an i dividend would be paid at an early date. The cap this undertaking is £100,000 in £1 shares, and the neither debentures nor preferences. The shares are on the Stock Exchange to 30s. or over, and at the price are an excellent investment.

* * *

THE ATTENTION OF THE SMALL INVE may usefully be drawn to the favourable develop now taking place on the property of the South Banner ing Co. It is a gold mining proposition in the rich fornian district of Oronki, and the property, which in five mines, extends in area over one square mile, and joins the famous Banner mine, from which over two dollars' worth of gold has been obtained. Gold taken two of the mines averages a minimum value of £4 p at the 300ft. level. With enlarged equipment, on of only 100 tons of ore treated per day, the Compan soon be earning £60,000 per annum, and profit in ore already blocked is estimated at £35,000, while tons of tailings from former workings should profit of about £15,000. The Company has an capital of £50,000 in 250,000 shares of 4s. each, 200,000 have so far been issued. They can be bou the present time for about 4s. 6d., and considering great potentialities of the property, there is obvious very big margin for appreciation.

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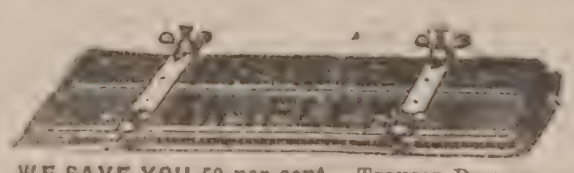
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CHARLEY'S UNCLE.

Charley heard his Uncle descending the stairs; he came down with the bass and treble style of an old man with a gouty foot. In a soft undertone he swore at his male nurse as he descended.

Charley went to the door and held out his arm to his Uncle.

"Hullo?" said the old gentleman. "Here, give me your arm, and let this damned fool get downstairs. He has half killed me—he gets clumsier every day, I believe."

The male nurse joyfully hurried away.

Charles carefully put his Uncle in a specially padded chair with a foot-rest.

"Two months since I saw you last," said the old man. "Where the devil have you been? Come, Charles, give an account of yourself."

Charles looked contrite:

"I have been up to mischief," he said slowly. "I'm in debt and I'm in love."

His Uncle grinned:

"I was, too, at your age," he said. "All young men are. What is your brother doing?"

"He will be ordained in July," said Charles.

The old man looked peevish:

"He never comes to see me," he said testily. "He is so like your father. His impudence is confounded . . yes, confounded, that's the only word for it. He actually wanted me to sign the pledge . . me."

Charles doubled up in a fit of laughter:

"No?"

The old man nodded:

"Yes, he did. Preached me a sermon, and said our country—God bless it—would never be worth a rap while all the men of property drank to excess. Look here, Charles, your brother wrote me that you don't get on well with your brother. How's that?"

Charles sighed:

"He is so good and I am so bad," he said. "That is the whole thing in a nutshell."

"Just like your father and I," said the Uncle musingly. "I was bad; he was good. And then he married the girl I wanted. And . . . you're in love, didn't you say?"

"Badly," said Charles.

"Who is she?" asked the old man, with interest, "a possible or an impossible?"

"A possible," said Charles promptly; "only father don't like her because she is so pretty."

"Got a photo?" asked the old man. "I'd like to see what she is like."

Charles extracted a photo from his inner pocket, and the old man looked at it keenly:

"She is pretty," he said at length. "You marry her, and leave your brother to marry an ugly woman. I hate 'em. . . . never married, but you know . . . you understand . . ."

"Perfectly," said Charles, with a wink.

The old man laughed:

"I was a regular dog," he said, complacently. "Well, we are only young once. But if I hadn't got the gout . . . And I say, you're bringing this little girl along to see me, aren't you? Do you think your brother expects me to be present at his ordination? Because, with this gout . . ."

"I know he would like you to be there," said Charles.

"Well, tell him it's impossible," said the old man angrily. I'm far too gouty . . . far too gouty . . . And I suppose you want your debts paid, eh? Well, I'll pay 'em. I like you, Charley. There's a bit of spirit in you. You are just what I was at your age . . . man was never meant to be perfect, I always said so. What is your girl? Who is she?"

"She is the daughter of a rich merchant, but she is on the stage."

"On the stage," said the old man. "Well, well . . . I don't mind, if I don't like her, you are not to have her."

"But you will like her," said Charles, confidently. "No man could help liking her. She is playing at the Gaiety."

The old man sat up:

"Look here," he said, confidentially. "We won't say anything to anybody, but one evening I'll motor up to town with you, and we will have a box and see her. I haven't been to the Gaiety for years."

"But the gout?" said Charles, unwisely.

"Shut up," growled the old man. "At my age I can please myself what I do, can't I?"

C. N.

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RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

Now that the weights for the spring handicaps are public property, racing men have plenty to interest them until the flat racing season opens at Lincoln on March 24. At the time of writing the acceptances have not been declared, but a close perusal of the weights shows that the adjusters have performed their work well. Indeed, so well are the imposts arranged in the earlier of the important handicaps —the Lincoln and the Grand National—that it is a matter of the utmost difficulty to find a horse "thrown in." As everyone anticipated, that fine performer, Long Set, figures at the head of the Lincolnshire Handicap, a position Mr. Sol Joel's horse holds in the City and Suburban, and one he shares with Stedfast in the Great Jubilee. As Stedfast has never yet competed in a handicap, it is interesting to note that the official responsible has given Lord Derby's cup horse the same weight—9st.—as Long Set, the best handicapper of the day. It is to be hoped that the pair will meet in a race on May 9; their presence in the field would prove a big attraction.

Dealing with the Lincolnshire, in which Long Set (9st. 5lb.) has been set to concede his nearest attendent, Spanish Prince, a matter of ten pounds, it may be said that no horse has ever won the race with his weight, the highest impost successfully carried being the 9st. 4lb. which Clorane shouldered in 1896. Good horse as Long Set undoubtedly is, I cannot conceive him beating Clorane's record, and if that stable is to take the spoils, it will be by the aid of Maiden Erlegh (8st. 8lb.) or St. Gall (6st.). With a string of five, Mr. J. B. Joel, the biggest patron of the race, also holds a very strong hand, and it is possible that the ultimate winner is sheltered in Morton's Wantage establishment. This quintette—Spanish Prince (8st. 9lb), Sun Yat (7st. 10lb.), Blue Stone (7st. 9lb.), Radiant (7st. 8lb.), and Happy Warrior (6st. 6lb.)—are all useful horses, any one of which would carry Mr. Joel's colours with distinction, and a market move for any one of them would be significant. There was some curiosity as to the weight Happy Warrior, the only three-year-old in the race, would be allotted, and with one pound less than Wolf's Crag—the last of that age to score—carried twenty-one years ago, I rather fancy this useful colt.

Berrilldon and Cuthbert, the pair who contested an unsatisfactory finish last year, when the former secured the race on the disqualification of Cuthbert, are weighted pretty similarly on that running, Mr. Barton's horse having one pound the better of the deal. I expect both of them to play a part in the ante-post speculation, as Berrilldon acts best on heavy going, and Cuthbert has frequently shown great partiality for this course. With the full knowledge of the benefits a horse derives from a course of hurdling, I think Romeo very nicely treated with 7st. 13lb. Mr. Mills's horse has shown excellent form over the sticks, and if he competes he will be one of the fittest horses in the race. And the question of fitness is an important one with the Lincolnshire, as generally most of the field are by no means cherry ripe in point of condition. A pair I like are Percival Keene and Lord Annandale, who are fairly leniently weighted, with 7st. and 7st. 3lb. respectively. To sum up, those that appeal to me most at the moment are Cuthbert, Berrilldon, Romeo, Happy Warrior, Lord Annandale, and Percival Keene.

Now that a return to the old order of a 9st. 7lb. minimum weight has been made, the Grand National is a much more attractive handicap than last year, when the presence of Jerry M. spoilt the affair for the moderate horse. Last year's winner, Covertcoat, and the hero of 1909, Lutteur III., are at the head of the list, Covercoat —with 12st. 7lb.—receiving a pound more than the French horse. Only three horses in the history of the race have carried 12st. 7lb. successfully, and this trio—Cloister, Manifesto, and Jerry M.—were without doubt far better horses than this year's top-weight. So easily, however, did Sir C. Assheton Smith's horse win under 11st. 6lb. last April that it is difficult to find one to beat him over the trying Aintree country. His stable companion, Irish Mail, who was second last spring, cannot be said to have been neglected with 11st. 12lb., and Ballyhackle, who was favourite when he fell last year, is also well looked after with 12st. The King's 'chaser, Twelfth Lancer, has 11st. 7lb., and as he has twice been sucessful over part of the country, one has hopes that His Majesty's colours will be carried with credit. Space prevents me going into details, and I think Twelfth Lancer, Ilston (10st. 7lb.), Axle Pin (10st. 4lb.), and Blow Pipe (10st. 3lb.) are the best to keep an eye on.

The meetings down for decision this week are Birmingham, Lingfield Park, and Hurst Park, each having a couple of days in order named.

At Birmingham on Monday Blow Pipe should secure the Stayers' Handicap Steeplechase, Distaff the Coventry Steeplechase, and Scarlet Button the Yardley Handicap Hurdle. On the second day the Harborne Handicap Hurdle may be won by Goldwin, the Small Heath Selling Hurdle by Claret Lad, and the Warwickshire Selling Steeplechase by Fervent.

On Wednesday, at Lingfield Park, the Southern Handicap Steeplechase may fall to Lycabettus, the February Handicap Hurdle to Sherwood Rise, and the Greenhurst Selling Steeplechase to Achaicus. Ballykisteen may win the Stayers' Maiden Hurdle on Thursday, Lilaline the Novices' Hurdle Handicap, and Schoolmoney the Novices' Steeplechase.

At Hurst Park, on Friday, Axle Pin may take the Trial Handicap Steeplechase, Elstead the Mole Handicap Hurdle, and Curvet the Maiden Hurdle. The Great Handicap Steeplechase on the concluding day may fall to Ilston, the Novices' Steeplechase to Minstrel Park, and the Walton Selling Hurdle to Bouton Rouge.

WIT AND WISDOM.

The under dog gets a lot of sympathy, but what he wants is help.

* * *

Man is the architect of his own misfortune.

* * *

Some women have a lot of cheek, but not enough to grow a beard.

* * *

Unfortunately, the man who loses his temper always gets it again.

* * *

If a man admires a woman he should at least admire her good taste.

* * *

When a man is afraid to think for himself it's time his wedding bells were ringing.

* * *

Never trust a man whose dog crawls under the house when he sees him enter the front gate.

* * *

An old bachelor may not believe that life is full of contradictions, but a married man always does.

* * *

A girl doesn't think much of a love letter if there is a single blot on it.

* * *

We would be surprised if we knew what our neighbours think of us—if they ever give us a thought.

* * *

Man has always had a tendency to go up in the air.

* * *

The one sure thing that comes to him who waits is old age.

* * *

Stretch the truth and it will fly back and sting you.

* * *

True love may be a myth, but there are a lot of most satisfactory imitations.

* * *

A woman's husband sometimes causes her almost as much worry as her dressmaker.

* * *

The puny child of poor parents would be delicate if it were rich.

* * *

The man who lives a double life never does two days' work.

* * *

The weaker a man is the easier it is for him to break a promise.

* * *

The girl who does not paint isn't necessarily artless.

* * *

Not all high fliers are interested in aerial navigation.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

I was given the opportunity, this week, of an inspection of the new spring patterns of a private and old-established West-End tailor, one of those firms who have no window display, and tailor for men who set fashion. Both as men and women we are an imitative race, and the styles and colourings which are seen worn by the few early in the season have a considerable influence on what is worn by the many later on.

* * *

The first point which struck me in turning over the range of cloths and colourings, presently to be put under the eye of wealthy and critical clients, was that browns will apparently still have a vogue and following this spring and summer. These have had a longish run, but are seemingly like Charley's Aunt, "still running."

* * *

These cloths I saw were mainly in Cheviot make of blended colouring, but brown predominating. One particularly choice cloth was in diagonal weave of medium and very dark brown, the latter almost black. Very effective, but still quiet, unobtrusive, and good style.

* * *

Stripe suitings were not much in evidence in the wide range of patterns which I had the opportunity of thus early inspecting. There was a fair variety of stripe produced in the herring-bone patterns, but these were so subdued that the actual stripe effect was not noticeable. The Cheviots were mostly produced in fine yarns and close weave, fairly closely cut on surface.

* * *

Rough surfaced cloths were practically absent. I do not think this lack of the rougher materials at all means that such will not be worn during 1914; but this is a class which is not much in demand until the shooting and holiday seasons are nearer at hand.

* * *

In trouserings the only new style I saw was black with lavender stripes of varying widths, and this is only a revival; it is not actually new. Absolute and entire novelty combined with good effect would be very difficult to find in woollen cloth; and if found would fetch a very long price to the clever and lucky designer and producer.

* * *

On October 25th last year I recommended a style of legging made "of a thick, soft, and warm woollen material, fitting the legs from just below the knee to top of boot; fastening with buttons, and worn underneath the trousers, not above, as leather leggings are worn." See *Modern Life*, No. 25.

* * *

Now a contemporary discovers "Leg Muffs" and gives a page to the novelty. There is a telegram "From our own Correspondent," in Paris: "Muffs for the legs are a novel fashion, accompanying the unusually long spell of bitterly cold weather still prevailing in Paris. The leg muff is a silk legging lined with fur, which can be drawn over the light shoe, and comes above the knee."

* * *

Paris evidently reads its *Modern Life*, and knows a good tip when it sees it.

* * *

A Wallingford reader has a number of enquiries on evening-dress, and as the same dubiety may exist with others I set these out in detail: "If the handkerchief must not be tucked into waistcoat, and should not be tucked into sleeve, where is it to be carried." Reply: "Try left-hand trouser pocket." "Is the colour of the handkerchief immaterial?" Reply: "No! White only—any colouring is a vulgarism." "Is the style of collar a matter of taste simply?" Reply: "Certainly. Select collar to your own fancy, but wing collars are most worn now." "May the cuffs have rounded corners?" Reply: "Square cuffs with blunted corners would be more up-to-date." "What kind of studs should be worn in the front of the dress shirt. Are gold studs correct?" Reply: "Gold studs or mother-of-pearl are quite in good taste. These should be small and modest. Nothing betrays the vulgar, new-rich man more inevitably than a blatant stud in his shirt front." N.B.—I see my dictionary defines blatant as "noisy, clamorous, loud," but still the word may stand—it expresses what I mean.

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